The Relief Society Magazine

OL 47 NO 12 Lessons for March DECEMBER 1960

From a Far Country

Vesta P. Crawford

"Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold there came wise men from the east . . . Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

Why should they seek another lamp in diamond galaxies,
Whose fathers knew the planets back a thousand years;
Who saw Orion and the belts of Pleiades,
The flame of Vega, the meteors and the spheres?

(So wondered old Chaldea—
So questioned Babylon. . . .)

And were there not unnumbered roads
In Median lands among the satrapies
Where questing caravans might go?
Why leave the palace and the ivory gate
For paths as desolate as these?

(Thus they asked in Nineveh
And on the Euphrates. . . .)

* * * * *

Thin-lined as a silver thread the road runs back
Through long meridians to Bethlehem,
And in the jeweled watches of the night
We trace the Magian path and walk with them.

For we have known the orbit of a broken world,
And we have seen the fire and the stone,
Have searched the fields of space of signs. . . .
As Magi on the Persian roofs who once had watched alone.

And we who sought for wisdom long latent to our sight
Have found the answer and the prophecy
Revealed upon the scripture of the night!

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From Near and Far

The *Magazine* always comes when I need a lift on a specific problem. I have five children under seven years old and, needless to say, I run into several problems. Last month, when I was considering ways of offering my children more culture in the home, the *Magazine* came out with the importance of teaching our families culture ("Enhancing the Joy of Family Living," Editorial by Marianne C. Sharp, September 1960). Now, this month, October, comes the story of "Three Silver Boxes," by Mabel Harmer, which helps me to set my mind at ease on the lack of finances, and the abundance of opportunity for creative thinking. The *Magazine* is sent me each year as a gift from my mother, and if she gave me nothing else, Christmas could never be complete without my beloved *Magazine*. I grew up reading it, and now my home would not be complete without it.

—Jean M. Holyoak
Grantsville, Utah

We have been here in the Andes Mission for about six months, and in all that time, the only gospel messages in English that I have truly enjoyed have come from the *Magazine*. Never before has this sweet little book meant so much to me. I try to understand the talks in Church here, but as yet, my halting Spanish permits only a sentence or two when the missionaries are speaking. I am sure the saints here join me in sending greetings from Lima, and thanks for the wonderful articles and stories.

—Diane Montgomery
Lima, Peru

I would like to tell you how much I enjoy the *Magazine*. The poems are very beautiful, and the covers so attractive that my friends at work (not Church members) look forward to the *Magazine* almost as much as I do. The stories give the sisters in England a very good insight into the lives of our Transatlantic sisters and never fail to keep me alternately laughing and crying over the people in the stories.

—Janet Griffiths
Wolverhampton, England

I am delighted with the lovely colored photograph of Taxco, Mexico, which is the cover for the August *Magazine*. My husband and I spent some happy days at the Rancho Selva there, overlooking the city. I was also intrigued with the account of the restoration of the Bee Hive House. It adds much to the rich heritage of our people. As a working widow, I spent the summer of 1924 there, when it was a boarding house for working women. Although I was older than most of the girls, I enjoyed the association with them. The place was pleasantly and efficiently run. Here in Southern California, we love our *Magazine*.

—Mrs. G. A. McCrimmon
Seal Beach, California

I join with many others in praise and appreciation of the constantly improving *Relief Society Magazine*. The covers are beautiful, and the articles, stories, and poems are very commendable. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever" applies fittingly to our *Magazine*.

—Maude O. Cook
Tremonton, Utah

Today I received the lovely October issue of the *Magazine*, with its beautiful cover and fine contents. I especially enjoyed the editorial "Let the Daughters of Zion Rejoice," by Vesta P. Crawford. It is beautifully written and comes from a full and compassionate heart.

—Maude Rubin
Santa Ana, California

I would like to tell you how much I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*. I look forward every month to the wonderful recipes, and I especially like the work meeting lessons, and the October lesson (for January 1961) was particularly helpful in its directions for "Making the Patient Comfortable." My husband has been confined to his bed for the last six months recovering from a brain tumor, and still has to be lifted from his bed to a chair. The lesson gave me much valuable help.

—Helen J. Markham
Mountain Home, Idaho

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

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Editorial and Business Offices: 76 North Main, Salt Lake City 11, Utah: Phone EMpire 4-2511; Subscriptions 246; Editorial Dept. 245. Subscription Price: $2.00 a year; foreign, $2.00 a year; 20c a copy; payable in advance. The **Magazine** is not sent after subscription expires. No back numbers can be supplied. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. The **Magazine** is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.

God's Greatest Gift

President Henry D. Moyle

Of the First Presidency

[Address Delivered at the General Session of the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 5, 1960]

MY brothers and sisters, I am sure that the Relief Society Presidency have urged me to make this so long that it will be one they will not print. We are very sorry that President Clark could not be here today, and the length of my talk has been urged upon me to fill in as best I can the time I am sure he would have made much better use of. And the last thing that President McKay said to me today when I left was that he wanted me to bring his greetings to the Relief Society, to you sisters, and to know that you would go forth from this conference with the blessings and the good wishes of the First Presidency

I had the very great honor to introduce President David O. McKay to the radio audience last Sunday at the first of our radio Church-wide firesides for this season. I want to repeat here what I quoted there from his words:

> Looking among my treasures recently, I picked up a piece of old homespun cloth. It was woven by my grandmother. My grandfather clipped from the sheep the wool out of which the cloth was made. It was carded and spun into thread by my grandmother, who had walked across the plains. It was old and threadbare, but genuine, not a shoddy thread in it.
>
> Recently I saw my daughter examining a sample of a modern piece of cloth which she wished to use for a special purpose. As she picked the threads apart and examined them closely, she suddenly exclaimed, "Why, this is nothing but paper." Outwardly it outshone in newness and attractiveness the old piece of homespun, but in reality it was shoddy.
>
> What that piece of homespun is to a modern substitute for genuineness, fundamental unchanging virtues that have stood the test of ages are to promises of pleasure and false ideals of some areas of modern society. Those old fundamental ideals are genuine. Some ideals which appeal to people today are attractive but false. Outwardly the latter seem glamorous and glorious, but when tested and tried in the scrutiny of experience, there is nothing which remains but the dust of disappointment (McKay, David O.: *Secrets of a Happy Life*, pp. 130-31).

Among the treasures of these grandparents what can compare with having such a grandson, and no greater gift could come from God than came to his parents when such a noble spirit was sent into their home.

There is, nevertheless, a comparison to be drawn between the growing of the wool, the scouring, combing, carding, and spinning of the yarn into pure woolen homespun, and the treatment given to the precious spirits that God sends to grace our homes. Precious as these spirits are who come straight from the presence of God, for them to become our greatest gift, we as parents and grandparents, and even great-grandparents, when such we are permitted to become, must all give to these souls embodied in our

children the best there is in us, each in our own generation. The process of development in a child cannot be compared to the simple procedure followed in producing homespun. Into our children's hearts we must engender love and affection for their parents and progenitors. The whole process of raising a family is one of perfecting our own lives. We continue unceasingly to refine, to purify, to cast off all dross. That which we transmit consciously and unconsciously to our children in their rearing in the home and in the community must be the best within us to the exclusion of all weakness. What they absorb from early childhood from our example, as well as our teaching, has its influence on the ultimate gift we receive from God. Charles Dickens once wrote, "No one is useless in this world who lightens the burdens of it for someone else."

In his biography *Emerson, The Wisest American*, Phillips Russell tells of an incident which happened on Emerson's 59th birthday, part of which he spent pottering around the barnyard with his son Edward. Before he returned to the house he decided to put the calf into its stall. The calf, a big heifer, resisted with that calm obstinacy which has often filled otherwise kindly owners of animals with vindictive red thoughts. The son grasped an ear, the father pushed diligently from behind, and together they tried to propel the animal into the barn. Emerson hated being heated like this; he often complained that outdoor activities drugged a scholar and unfitted him for his proper tasks; but he was not the man to forsake an undertaking once begun, and again he put his weight behind the animal. The heifer remained firm, rolling the whites of her eyes and breathing out through her moist nostrils a milky stubborn odor.

Emerson paused and gazed upon the animal in bewilderment. The situation was unprecedented. He had read the philosophy of Plato and Plotinus, the science of Newton and Bacon, the poetry of Hafiz and Herbert, the teachings of Buddha and Confucius, the histories of Plutarch and Sieur de Joinville, the memoirs of Goethe and Napoleon and only recently had he been through the *Etude de la Nature* of Saint-Pierre, but none of them had said anything about an effective and harmonious method of pushing a female calf into a barn. Emerson had no physical strength and sometimes lamented that he lacked the commanding presence that awes with an eye, a word; but one merit be possessed in abundance—persistence.

He therefore gave an encouraging signal to Edward, and once more they fell upon the animal. The heifer planted her splay feet and remained as before. The pale face of the sage reddened and perspiring beads gathered upon his high white forehead. And then an Irish servant girl came by. With an amused glance she thrust a finger into the animal's mouth, and the calf, seduced by the maternal imitation, at once followed her into the barn. Edward looked at his father and grinned; but Emerson was already absorbed in thought, his eyes fixed musingly upon the ground. He returned to the house and after cleansing his hands of their bovine smell, recorded the incident in his journal, adding this telling declaration: "I like people who can do things."

Yes, so say we, all of us. You and I, everyone, as did Emerson, "like people who can do things" (Edgar W. Smith—District Governor's Address, Oregon).

THAT is why the active Relief Society mothers are as successful as they are, and I am sure that there are no people upon the earth who can do things like the Latter-day Saint Relief Society sisters. They know how to do things. That is why we want every mother active in Relief Society.

Let us never forget in our family lives the words found in The Doctrine and Covenants 130:20, 21:

There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this

world, upon which all blessings are predicated—

And when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated.

We may apply this scripture to other matters, but I say unto you, the fruits of our labors in rearing our families are determined by our faithfulness to our task which we have voluntarily and willfully assumed. Indeed, life's full purpose cannot be consummated without our doing our part toward multiplying and replenishing the earth. Our joy must be in our posterity both here and hereafter.

Over and above all else, the Relief Society must inspire mothers and potential prospective mothers to fulfill their destiny. The sublimest of all.

"The Society is not only to relieve the poor, but to save souls," said Joseph Smith.

Have you ever heard of any other people in all the earth who have the slightest conception of what it means to a mother and father to be promised through their faithfulness, joy in their posterity even after death hath us separated? I never have. Indeed, they could not, and at the same time voluntarily submit themselves to a marriage "until death do you separate."

The divine knowledge which is ours, revealed as it has been for the guidance of all the children of our Heavenly Father and for the blessing of the faithful, carries a correspondingly great responsibility for those who hear.

Again, it is given to the Relief Society to teach and exemplify the gospel truths in their lives, in their families, and in their communities.

Two wonderful thoughts are brought to us from the teachings of President McKay:

In one of the important institutions of medicine there hangs this significant sign: "Never say a discouraging word while in this sanitarium."

If encouragement is good for the sick and ailing, it is also helpful to those who are normally healthy. As encouragement affects individuals, so it is helpful to organizations. Encouragement includes good will and benevolence, a virtue that may be experienced by persons in all stations of life. Everyone may not be beneficent, but all may be benevolent. Good will also includes kindness, another virtue everyone can show, and one which everyone is pleased to receive. Everyone appreciates, too, tolerance, a sense of justice and fair play.

There is a difference between *destructive* and *constructive* criticism. The former can become harmful, not only to the individual, but also to others as well. It is easy to fall into a habit of negative criticism without offering a solution or substituting something better to take the place of that which the critic would destroy. Pure negativism does not reflect a sound thinker. On the other hand, careful, logical analysis, coupled with a sincere desire to find truth, is praiseworthy. Sound, independent thinking should be encouraged rather than be condemned. The search for, and the acquisition of knowledge is a prime purpose of our existence. Independent thinkers who are well balanced and who possess the sincere desire to know truth are needed in all phases of living. . . .

Men and women can curb their tempers, and when prompted to condemn others, to hold their tongues. There is no better way to bring about harmony in the home, in the neighborhood, in organizations, peace in our country, than for every man and woman first to eliminate from his or her heart the enemies of harmony and peace, namely, hatred, selfishness, greed, animosity and envy (*Secrets of a Happy Life*, pp. 132-133).

To those who study and live for

it, the means of regulating the family and developing the children along proper lines can be found. Like all else in life, it requires work, the overcoming of self, the unselfish dedication of ourselves to our children. This does not mean overindulgence any more than undue severity or unnecessary curtailment in the activities or enthusiasm of youth. Carlyle wrote, "Our grand duty is not to see what lies dimly in the distance but to do what lies clearly at hand."

MOTHERS and fathers, but especially mothers, should be sensitive to every bit of evidence of talent exhibited by a child. I heard a mother say of three of her young boys — the oldest is capable of learning a foreign language. The mother herself had pretty well mastered French. She had an enviable background upon which to judge. The important fact is she was using it, and also had two daughters studying languages also. The next son she had detected was adept at drawing. She turned him over to an artist to explore the extent of his genius, if any. The third son took a great interest in the piano at a very young age. He was appropriately encouraged, as the daughters who were older had been, one becoming a good violinist, and the other studies diligently on the piano. It is quite evident in this family that several great objectives are accomplished, the development of natural and latent talents, appreciation for time and work, creating worthwhile habits, objectives, and ambitions, to learn to concentrate and to gain control over mind, just as we might by physical endeavor over our muscles, to develop power of accomplishment and its accompanying self-assurance.

I think above all we must become absorbed in self-improvement to the exclusion of less profitable, to say nothing of detrimental thoughts and actions, of which idleness is the most to be feared.

Indeed, as youth's opportunities for industry are circumscribed by many modern trends, including the development of mechanized means of accomplishing so much menial labor in the home and on the farm and in office, store, and factory, it is necessary that the utilization of youth's time become more and more a serious family problem to be solved in any event, rather than permit our sons and daughters to become slaves to pleasure, excitement, gambling, indolence, laziness, frivolity, carelessness, abandon, and loss of ambition, deterioration, rather than development of muscle and mind.

Much is written and spoken today about the preparedness of our people to defend our shores. Have we become physically soft, unprepared properly to account for ourselves in time of war or other emergency? Are we qualified intellectually to carry on a great scientific conflict? What is even worse, have we permitted ourselves as a Nation to deteriorate spiritually?

A great Irish patriot, John Curran, put the thought I have in mind as follows:

> The condition upon which God hath given liberty to man is eternal vigilance; which condition if he break, servitude is at once the consequence of his crime and the punishment of his guilt.

An editorial in the *Salt Lake Tribune* (February 8, 1960) comments

on a single specific weakness which is cultivated on every hand:

"Cheating," a speaker said, "has become a part of the student culture — taken for granted."

"The adult example certainly is deplorable. Proof is found almost any place one looks. For example, one company openly distributes a catalog offering crooked dice, marked cards, and other devices, though it piously states that 'the goods are not sold to perpetrate a fraud or for any illegal purposes.' However, we do not think that the goods are sold merely for fooling one's friends with magic tricks. They are designed for making an easy buck in so-called games of chance, and judging from the catalog, there must be plenty of customers. Cheating, of course, is nothing new. The ancient Greeks and Romans knew most of the tricks used today, though modern technology has evolved some refinements.

"Cheating as a way of life is something else.

"This Nation has not gone quite that far yet, but the signs are ominous. The handwriting is on the wall. It has been there for some time. How long before it will be heeded?

"The American people had better take stock — and soon. When a nation's moral and spiritual fabric decays, the end is not far off."

THE Prophet Joseph Smith in the 134th Section of The Doctrine and Covenants drew a very marked distinction between the laws of men and the laws of God, and prescribed for us obedience to both. In verse 6 this is what he said:

. . . human laws being instituted for the express purpose of regulating our interests as individuals and nations, between man and man; and divine laws given of heaven, prescribing rules on spiritual concerns, for faith and worship, both to be answered by man to his Maker.

He further said:

We believe that the commission of crime should be punished according to the nature of the offense; that murder, treason, robbery, theft, and the breach of the general peace, in all respects, should be punished according to their criminality and their tendency to evil among men, by the laws of that government in which the offense is committed; and for the public peace and tranquility all men should step forward and use their ability in bringing offenders against good laws to punishment (D & C 134:8).

In every detail of all our lives we must insist upon the appropriate sustaining of the law and its enforcement, that from a strict enforcement thereof, our communities may be improved so far as the laws of man can go. It is then that we must individually take up a crusade among our fellow men to help strengthen them to carry out the laws of God. It is, nevertheless, incumbent upon us, so far as our family and homes are concerned, both the law of the land and the law of God should be obeyed, without which we will be denied the blessings which we intended to be secured to us by the Constitution of the United States. To put into other words, the blessings of the Constitution of the United States, inspired of our Father in heaven as it is, insured us the blessings therein prescribed predicated upon our obedience, not only to the laws of the land but to the laws of God who inspired the Constitution. Now who else is there in the country to lead out in such

a crusade other than the Latter-day Saints? The answer is easy. There is no one.

Alma gives us a rule of conduct which we might well carry into our lives and into our families. If we conform to Alma's counsel, we will never grow soft or incapable of defending and maintaining our rights and liberties. We will become a pillar of strength around which others can rely and will rely in time of need.

> And now I would that ye should be humble, and be submissive and gentle; easy to be entreated; full of patience and long-suffering; being temperate in all things; being diligent in keeping the commandments of God at all times; asking for whatsoever things ye stand in need, both spiritual and temporal; always returning thanks unto God for whatsoever things ye do receive.
>
> And see that ye have faith, hope, and charity, and then ye will always abound in good works (Alma 7:23-24).

It would be difficult to follow the foregoing admonition of Alma in idleness or indolence or carelessness or indifference. It is our duty as members of the Church, and particularly as mothers in Israel, to see that these traits are not developed by our children in the home due to our lack of attention or consideration or planning for their welfare. We might just as readily develop within them characteristics of work, industry, thrift, and virtue. There is no substitute for the home. Our children cannot enjoy the sacred privileges and blessings that should be theirs in the home from their association with father and mother, brothers and sisters, without work on the part of the parents, who are responsible for the upkeep, the maintenance, and the planning of home life.

IT is my purpose today to issue a note of warning, of caution, and call upon you to use wisdom, judgment, and discretion and above all, dedicate yourselves, first and foremost, to the proper rearing of your children and grandchildren. I emphasize the responsibility that rests upon grandparents to continue in their generation to affect the lives of subsequent generations in their families by their example, as well as their precept, by the personal attention and consideration which they give. Thrift accompanies industry. Extravagance and carelessness are the fruits of indulgence.

I saw a picture the other day of a little boy and a girl meeting. Each had a quarter in their hands. They wanted to go to a movie, but that cost fifty cents, so the girl said to the boy, "Let's go in here where we can sit down and think over our problem." When they got inside the boy said to the girl, "Oh, well, we might as well ask our mothers for fifty cents as for a quarter." So they proceeded to spend their quarter on ice-cream sodas.

To me this was a barometer and sign of the time, indicating how easy the present generation realizes it is to obtain what it wants by the easiest and shortest route.

Just recently, at the conclusion of the Olympic games, the *Deseret News* published the following editorial:

> EASE AND LUXURY, popular goals in modern living, are to blame for America's steadily declining power and prestige in the Olympic Games, and unless the manpower of this country foregoes this process of nurturing comfort, dire consequences lie ahead of us as a first-rate athletic power.
>
> This is the warning sounded this week by Avery Brundage, president of the Inter-

national Olympic Committee, as he took office for his fourth four-year term, following the classic games in Rome. A world-renowned authority on physical fitness and public health problems, Mr. Brundage claims it is high time we examine how we are living, how we are using our energies, how we are working, how we are recreating, and what consideration, if any, we are giving the physical education of our children.

Obviously we aren't doing so well when 57% of America's youngsters flunked the Kraus-Weber physical tests while only 8% of the European boys and girls failed to pass. No wonder President Eisenhower became alarmed and inaugurated a program which would correct this situation, the so-called "OPERATION FITNESS USA."

AS THE PRESIDENT'S Committee carries on its assignments, it finds subnormal test returns that are disquieting, to put it mildly. Disturbing returns on arm and shoulder strength are almost universal. This is true of both girls and boys, but girls are falling the farthest below the accepted "norm."

American youth, living in rapidly changing mobile society, spending too much time on their seats watching television and riding in automobiles and lacking the work assignments that made their parents and grandparents rougher and tougher, are, as Avery Brundage finds, turning into a generation of "softies." Rapid urbanization, lack of adequate play and physical education facilities and in many cases lethargic instruction and leadership in schools and on playgrounds, help compound the problem.

In this process of waging war on work, we have a tendency to extoll everything as "good" if it reduces the demands on us for work, to struggle, to strain, to strive, to energize and live vigorously. What we do not realize is that this practice of equating an easy life with a high standard of living is selling short the real goals of human existence, not the least important of which is the rich and vigorous physical life.

"THE YOUTH FITNESS challenge is in the way we live at home," as Mr. Brundage has said, "in the educational system in the schools, in spreading the doctrine of hard work and sacrifice for a great cause — the cause of a physically strong America" (*Deseret News*, September 13, 1960).

Do we as mothers and fathers in Israel ignore such absolute positive, certain, definite evidence, evidence which cannot be refuted, evidence which characterizes the young and the rising generations of this country and at the same time condemns them and exposes their inability properly to meet the problems of life?

I have welcomed this opportunity to chat with you, my sisters, this afternoon. I look upon the problem that I am presenting as one of the fundamentally basic problems confronting us in the Nation today. The Church in this phase, as in all others, must set an example.

WE presented to the world nearly twenty-five years ago our Welfare Plan when the need therefor became apparent. We have always undertaken to take care of our own. The intensified Welfare Program was instituted to take care of a need, the like of which we had not experienced in our history. My topic today bears a very direct relationship to our need for the Welfare Program.

Had we not softened, had we been as willing as our forebearers to engage in hard manual labor when necessary, had we retained their old virtue of being willing to do anything they had to do in order to make ends meet and to meet their responsibilities to their family and to life, there would have been fewer welfare problems. The initial statement of President Grant pre-

senting the Welfare Program to the Church has become a classic in our scriptures:

Our primary purpose [said the First Presidency] was to set up, insofar as it might be possible, a system under which the curse of idleness would be done away with, the evils of the dole abolished, and independence, industry, thrift and self-respect be once more established amongst our people. The aim of the Church is to help the people to help themselves. Work is to be re-enthroned as the ruling principle of the lives of our Church membership (*Conference Report*, October 1936, page 3).

Today, this softening process requires a comparable program of equally if not greater importance to be carried on with equally great, if not greater effort, energy, and enthusiasm. It is always a more difficult problem to stay such a deteriorating tendency in which the moral fiber of the individual and the family is involved than to take care of their temporal needs.

To demonstrate how long we have postponed the initiation of such a program we need only refer back to the days of Theodore Roosevelt when he stated our case as follows:

DARE GREATLY — It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbled, or where the doer of deeds could have done better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena; whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions, and spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement; and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly; so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat.

I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph.

A life of slothful ease, a life of that peace which springs merely from lack either of desire or of power to strive after great things, is as little worthy of a nation as of an individual. I ask only that what every self-respecting American demands from himself and from his sons shall be demanded of the American nation as a whole. Who among you would teach your boys that ease, that peace, is to be the first consideration in their eyes — to be the ultimate goal after which they strive? . . .

We do not admire the man of timid peace. We admire the man who embodies victorious effort; the man who never wrongs his neighbor, who is prompt to help a friend, but who has those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life. It is hard to fail, but it is worse never to have tried to succeed. In this life we get nothing save by effort. Freedom from effort in the present merely means that there has been effort in the past. . . . A mere life of ease is not in the end a very satisfactory life, and, above all, it is a life which ultimately unfits those who follow it for serious work in the world (Theodore Roosevelt).

NOW after fifty years we see the serious results wrought by this trend. We should be stirred by the thought that destruction and disintegration will follow such a course if permitted to continue unimpeded and unabated long enough. Who can say how much more time we have?

I would not be happy if I did not suggest to you that this weakening of our physical and our mental, our spiritual and moral characteristics, is and will continue to have a serious effect upon our missionary labors. To this extent we are rendering our-

selves less and less efficient to fulfill that greatest of all commissions which the Lord has given us in these latter days to promulgate the truths of the gospel to the children of men. We are at the moment making up for this weakness, at least in part, by increased numbers. Our experiences in the mission field today indicate that the results of our work could be doubled and redoubled with our present forces of missionaries by increasing their effectiveness and their efficiency. You cannot expect young men to go into the mission field and become workers over night, if for the first twenty years of their life they have been permitted to grow up in ease, indolence, free from responsibility, and strangers to work, having developed no power of concentration. The very life and existence of the Church, as well as of the Nation, depend upon our purposeful integrity and our ability, as well as our willingness to apply ourselves with all our thought and energy to the tasks ahead. The Relief Society makes service rather than self the basis of every principle, every policy, and every procedure in its work. He profits most who serves best.

Sisters, we must begin at home, with the mother and the father. We must educate ourselves to the promotion of our families, to establish our sons and daughters as worthy citizens of this great Nation, prepared and qualified to carry on the responsibilities of citizenship without shirking any of them in any respect. It will then follow irrevocably that they will be prepared to take our places and to carry on the work of the Priesthood and of the Church in all its teachings. To this end let us dedicate ourselves as fathers and mothers in Israel.

A timely warning I believe to be justified. There is a strong, persistent tendency for our boys and girls to leave home to seek what they want elsewhere. Under no circumstances should they go before they are prepared by their home training to carry on properly when away. Remember the story of the man in the old wife's tale who sought a four-leaf clover that would bring him happiness and all of the luck of fairyland. With his whole heart fixed on this charm, he could not stay at home but must go away to seek it. And the upshot of this was that he traveled around the world and spent both youth and middle age in this vain search. Then, at the twilight of life, very old and sobered, with none of his dreams left to him, and without a penny in his pocket, he crept back to the cottage he had quitted so many years before, and there beside the doorstone, with that amazing suddenness so characteristic of its kind, the four-leaf clover met his eye. The luck had been at home all of the while. It was not in Tartary nor Cathay nor yet in the islands of the Southern Seas. It was at home.

That applies to our children today. There is no substitute for a good home presided over by good parents, and the word of the Lord to guide and inspire us all. God bless you, my sisters, in this tremendous work that you are accomplishing throughout the Church, throughout the world, and bless your homes and bless the rising generation of this world, I pray humbly in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

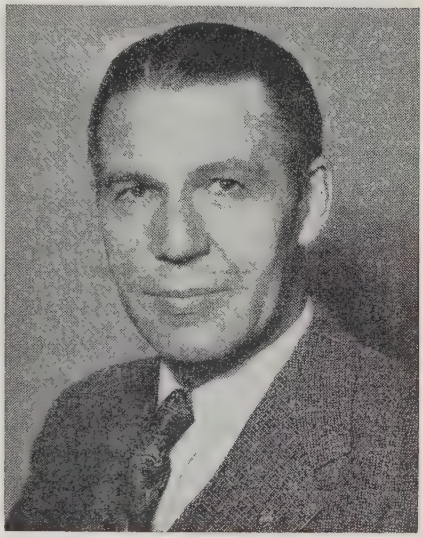
Nathan Eldon Tanner Appointed Assistant to the Council of the Twelve

Elder Hugh B. Brown
Of the Council of the Twelve

FEW men are chosen for high office in the Church who have a richer heritage and more varied background of training and experience than Nathan Eldon Tanner, who was appointed Assistant to the Council of the Twelve during the last October conference.

Elder Tanner represents the sixth generation of Latter-day Saints on both branches of his family tree. His paternal great-grandfather, John Tanner, was an associate of the Prophet Joseph Smith in Nauvoo and at Zion's Camp, and his maternal great-grandfather, James S. Brown, was a member of the Mormon Battalion.

His parents went to Alberta, Canada, immediately after marriage in 1897, where their first home consisted of a side-hill dugout, with sod roof and dirt floor. His mother returned temporarily to Salt Lake City, where he was born May 9, 1898. He spent his childhood in Aetna, Alberta, Canada, where he learned the rugged frugality of pioneer life. He continued his education in high school at Cardston and obtained a teacher's certificate at Normal School, Calgary, in 1919. He taught school in Hill Spring, where he supplemented his meager income by operating a store, milking cows, and feeding pigs. After teaching in Hill Spring for sometime, he became principal of the Cardston Public School.



Courtesy the **Deseret News**

ELDER NATHAN ELDON TANNER

On December 20, 1919, he married Sara Isabelle Merrill. They now have five lovely daughters and twenty-two grandchildren. The daughters are: Mrs. C. R. Walker, Calgary, Alberta (Ruth); Mrs. W. S. Jensen, Calgary, Alberta (Isabelle); Mrs. H. S. Rhodes, Calgary, Alberta (Zola); Mrs. G. L. Spackman, Regina, Saskatchewan (Beth); and Mrs. L. Williams, Calgary, Alberta (Helen).

Sister Tanner has stood loyally by his side through all the vicissitudes

ELDER NATHAN ELDON TANNER AND FAMILY

Seated in front: Sara Isabelle Merrill Tanner; Elder Nathan Eldon Tanner.
Back row, standing, left to right: Mrs. W. S. Jensen (Isabelle); Mrs. C. R. Walker (Ruth); Mrs. H. S. Rhodes (Zola); Mrs. G. L. Spackman (Beth); Mrs. L. Williams (Helen).

of their lives, has been an ideal wife, mother, and grandmother, is dearly loved by all her in-laws, has been active throughout her life in ward and stake MIA and Relief Society and as a teacher in Sunday School.

Elder Tanner was elected to the Alberta Provincial Parliament in 1935, and was re-elected four times.

During the first session of the new Government, he was chosen as speaker of the House, but prior to the second session—in January 1937—he became a member of the cabinet with the portfolio of Minister of Lands and Mines. Due to the development that was taking place in the resources of the province, the department was divided in April 1949, and he was named minister of the two new departments—Department of Lands and Forests and Department of Mines and Minerals. In addition he held the appointment of Chairman of the Alberta Research Council.

During his administration, and under his sponsorship, the laws governing the development of mines and minerals (including gas and oil) were enacted and strictly enforced. The development of the natural resources under his direction was so successful that the Alberta laws and regulations have served as a guide to similar developments in other parts of Canada and the United States.

IN September 1952, he resigned from Government service to take over the presidency of Merrill Pe-

troleums Limited, and in March 1954, he resigned from that position to accept the presidency of Trans-Canada Pipe Lines Limited, a newly formed three hundred million dollar corporation which constructed a pipeline from Alberta to Quebec to take natural gas to Eastern Canada. He severed his official duties with Trans-Canada in March 1959, but retains his directorship in the company. In addition he is a director of: National Trust Company Limited; The Toronto-Dominion Bank; Consolidated Freightways, Inc.; Inland Cement Co., Ltd.; The Alberta Gas Trunk Line Co.; Waterous Equipment Limited; Jenkins Groceteria Limited; Merit Oil Limited.

At present he is president of Merit Oil Limited; Provincial Products Pipeline Limited; Saratoga Processing Co., Ltd.; and Vice-President of Grizzly Petroleum, Ltd. He was president of the Canadian Gas Association in 1959-60 and is at present serving as past president.

From 1932-35 Elder Tanner was bishop of the Cardston First Ward and prior to that he served as a counselor. He also served on the high council of the Alberta Stake. On moving to Edmonton he was made president of the Edmonton Branch in 1938 and served in that position until 1952. During that time the first chapel in Edmonton was erected and the seminary established at the University of Alberta. He has been president of the Calgary Stake since its organization in 1953 and, until a month ago (when there was a division of the stake), there were twelve wards and branches; at present there are nine. During his presidency the $450,000 Calgary Stake Center was built.

He was Commissioner of the Boy Scouts Association for the province of Alberta from 1945 to 1953. He is a life member of the association and has been awarded the Silver Wolf. He is also a member of the Board of Governors of the University of Alberta. He received an Honorary Doctor of Laws degree from Brigham Young University in 1956.

He is a member of the following clubs: Rotary; Petroleum; Ranchmen's; Calgary Golf and Country Club; Toronto Club; Canadian Club, New York; Calgary Chamber of Commerce.

He is a man of outstanding executive ability, unquestioned integrity, and throughout his public career has been known, even by his political opponents, for his rugged and undeviating honesty.

He is a humble man of great faith, courage, and constancy, an ideal husband and father, and a devoted and capable Church leader.

Elder and Sister Tanner intend to move to Salt Lake City as soon as they can be relieved of their responsibilities in Canada. He will be welcomed as one of the General Authorities by all members of the Church and will be a distinct asset in the presiding councils of the Church.

We, his associates, are proud to welcome him and his lovely wife into the official family of the General Authorities of the Church.

Franklin D. Richards Appointed Assistant to the Council of the Twelve

Elder LeGrand Richards
Of the Council of the Twelve

Courtesy the **Deseret News**

ELDER FRANKLIN D. RICHARDS

THE call of Franklin D. Richards as an Assistant to the Council of the Twelve adds to the General Authorities of the Church, a man of broad experience, with great capacity and faith. Like Nephi of old, he was born of goodly parents. His father was Charles C. Richards, an outstanding leader in the development of the Territory and State of Utah, and a devoted and faithful member of the Church. His father was a regent of the University of Deseret, Secretary and acting Governor of the Territory of Utah, Speaker of the House in the Utah State Legislature, Assistant Attorney General of U. S., member of the Civil Service Commission and active member of the Bar of the Supreme Court of Utah and of the U. S. for over sixty-two years. He also had a broad experience in Church activity. With his father, Franklin D. Richards, Charles C. Richards visited David Whitmer, one of the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon, and in answer to his query, he replied: "Read the printed testimony of the three witnesses, which you will find in one of the front pages of the Book of Mormon—and I say to you that every word of it is true."

While he and his father were touring the Church historic places, they called on Lewis C. Bidamon, the husband of the Prophet's wife, Emma, at Nauvoo, and acquired from him, sixty pages of the original manuscript of The Book of Mormon, taken from the box in the cornerstone of the Mansion House. This sacred relic was presented to President George Albert Smith in 1946, and is now a possession of the Church.

Elder Richards' grandfather, Franklin Dewey Richards, for whom he was named, was one of the outstanding missionaries of the Church, and was President of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles at the time of his death. Out of the first fourteen years of his married life, he

spent ten of those years in the mission field.

With such a heritage, the Church can well expect much from Elder Richards. He, too, has exhibited great traits of leadership and devotion which have brought to him his present call to full-time Church service, to which call he has responded in a most pleasing and enthusiastic manner.

He was born November 17, 1900 at Ogden, Utah, son of Charles C. Richards and Louisa Letitia Peery. He graduated from the Weber Academy in Ogden and from the University of Utah in 1923 with an L. L. B. degree. He practiced law in Salt Lake City from 1923 to 1934; he was appointed first Utah State Director for F. H. A. in 1934; Assistant Commissioner of F. H. A., Washington, D. C. in 1941 for the eleven Western States, Alaska, and Hawaii; Assistant Commissioner F. H. A., Washington, D. C. for the entire U. S. in 1945, in charge of field operations; appointed F. H. A. Commissioner for the entire U. S. in 1947 by President Harry S. Truman. He resigned as F. H. A. Commissioner June 30, 1952 and organ-

Hal Rumel

ELDER FRANKLIN D. RICHARDS AND HIS FAMILY

Front row, grandchildren, left to right: Caroline Judd; Rinda Richards; Franklin D. Richards III; Daniel Judd; Lisa Richards.

Second row, left to right: Gloria Smith Richards and Lance; Helen Kearns Richards and grandson Steven Judd; Elder Franklin D. Richards; Louise R. Judd and Robert Judd.

Back row, standing, left to right: Franklin D. Richards, Jr.; David K. Richards; Nancy Richards; Robert L. Judd.

ized Franklin D. Richards and Company, a Nation-wide mortgage financing company with offices in Washington, D. C., New York City, and Salt Lake City, Utah. He returned to Salt Lake in 1954 and organized the Richards-Woodbury Mortgage Company, with the F. Orin Woodbury family. He is an officer of several business institutions.

He filled his mission in the Eastern States from 1920 to 1922, where he was Conference President in Brooklyn and Boston; he served as a member of the Liberty Stake Sunday School Board; President of an elders quorum in Washington Stake; chairman of Chevy Chase Ward Building Committee in 1946; Sunday School Superintendent Silver Spring Ward, Washington; Chairman Genealogical Committee, East Millcreek Second Ward, Salt Lake City, 1954 to 1956; East Millcreek Stake Mission President 1956 to 1959; called to preside over the Northwestern States Mission 1960; set apart as an Assistant to the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, October 9, 1960.

He married Helen Kearns in the Salt Lake Temple, August 1, 1923, and they have four children: Mrs. Robert L. (Louise) Judd, Franklin D. Richards Jr., David K. Richards, and Nancy Richards, all living in Salt Lake City.

Elder and Sister Richards are, at heart, real missionaries and have accomplished a great work during the year they have presided over the Northwestern States Mission. In his reports in the meetings of the mission presidents in the Temple, he greatly impressed the other mission presidents and the General Authorities as he outlined the activities and accomplishments of his mission. He has greatly simplified the work in his mission, cutting out all unnecessary matters, making it much easier for the missionaries to prepare themselves to present the gospel message impressively. He has introduced a program of getting groups together, greatly multiplying the effectiveness of the missionaries' time.

When missionaries seem the least bit discouraged, he reminds them that President McKay is not discouraged — that he is not discouraged, and that when they see him discouraged they can become discouraged also.

As his cousin and associate in the ministry, I feel confident that in his new calling, Elder Richards will demonstrate to members of the entire Church, as they become acquainted with him, the inspiration of the Lord that has called him to his present high calling.

Knowledge of God

Celia Luce

KNOWLEDGE of God is like a shining light after darkness. It is like warmth after cold. It surrounds our lives with joy and happiness and gives us comfort when sorrow comes our way.

Theodore Moyle Burton Appointed Assistant to the Council of the Twelve

Elder Gordon B. Hinckley
Assistant to the Council of the Twelve

PROUD of his heritage, faithful to his birthright, unflagging in his testimony, and unwavering in his devotion, Theodore Moyle Burton joins the ranks of the General Authorities of the Church as a man with a great inheritance and a record of service and accomplishment.

Determined to be a specialist in the field of chemistry, he has repeatedly left his chosen work at the call of the Church and has performed notably in every assignment given him. He could do little else. His faith is built on the faith of his forebears who sailed the oceans and walked the plains to gather to Zion. Numbered among them are some of the great pioneers of the Mormon exodus. Most of them were quiet people whose works have gone unsung, but that they were men and women of faith, resourcefulness, and courage can never be contested.

Theodore M. Burton was born in Salt Lake City, March 27, 1907, a son of Theodore Taylor and Florence Moyle Burton. He attended the Salt Lake City public schools and the University of Utah. From this latter institution he was graduated in June of 1932.

He had interrupted his university education to labor in the Swiss-German Mission from 1927 to 1930. The responsibilities there given him are a testimony of his faithfulness. During his mission he served as branch president in Bern, Switzerland, and Altona, Germany, and later as district president in the Schleswig-Holstein District.

Courtesy the **Deseret News**

ELDER THEODORE MOYLE BURTON

On February 23, 1933, he married his childhood sweetheart, Minnie Preece, in the Salt Lake Temple. At the time he was working as Assistant Salt Lake City Bacteriologist and M.I.A. Superintendent in his home ward. He also was doing work on his Master's Degree which was received from the University of Utah in June of 1934.

Courtesy, Church Section, the **Deseret News**

ELDER THEODORE MOYLE BURTON AND HIS FAMILY

Left to right: Elder Theodore Moyle Burton; Minnie Susan Preece Burton; Robert Preece Burton.

With fluency in the use of the German language, he secured employment as Technical Assistant to the United States Treasury Attache in Vienna, Austria. He served there from 1934 to 1937 and then took the same post in Berlin, Germany, for another year.

From 1941 to 1943 he was instructor in chemistry, physics, and mathematics at Carbon College in Price, Utah. Then in 1943 he moved to Logan to begin a teaching career at Utah State University. He has there served as Assistant Professor, Associate Professor, and Professor of Chemistry. In 1950 he took leave to accept a Westinghouse Electric Research Fellowship at Purdue University where he received his Ph.D. degree in June of 1951.

Six years later Dr. Burton inter-

rupted his professional career at the call of the Church to preside over the West German Mission. Few realize the extent of his tremendous burdens in this post. During most of his tenure he had responsibility for what are now both the West German and the South German Missions and also a number of activities now centered in the European Mission office. During the major period of his presidency he not only looked after the proselyting program and administrative duties of this large mission, but also had responsibility for the very extensive servicemen's program in Europe, administration of an old folk's home, and carried the task of getting into print all publications used in the German-speaking missions of Europe, including a monthly periodical, *Der Sterne*.

His previous training as Sunday School teacher, Scoutmaster, Sunday School superintendent, Bishop of the Cache Fourth Ward, High Councilman in the Cache Stake, and President of the Cache Stake High Priests Quorum had equipped him for these burdensome Church assignments. His wife, who had served as ward Relief Society President, was likewise well schooled for her work as mission Relief Society president.

He returned to Logan this past summer to resume his teaching, only to be called again from the classroom to the ministry, this time as an Assistant to the Council of the Twelve.

He brings to this new calling qualities cultivated and developed through long experience. His meticulous attention to detail and his educated curiosity, hallmarks of the scientist, coupled with warmth of personality and an unshakable testimony of the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ and his restored Gospel, equip him for the high and sacred responsibility which now rests upon him.

First Snowfall

Blanche Kendall McKey

All the little things that used to be—
Wraith-like trifles of memory—
Come drifting back mysteriously.

The window shut against the cold
Does not disbar them;
Like these wavering flakes of snow,
Which seem to have no definite place to go,
They all float back to the only home they know.

A child's first kiss, a birthday rose, a broken kite,
A whisper in the hush of night,
A tear for old time's sake —
Silent, like the fall of flake on flake,
They all drift back and seem to be
Life's epitome!

The Annual General Relief Society Conference

Hulda Parker
General Secretary-Treasurer

WITH nature providing a glorious autumn setting, Relief Society leaders from each of the 303 stakes in the Church and from twenty-eight missions assembled in the Tabernacle on Temple Square, Wednesday and Thursday, October 5 and 6, for another Annual General Relief Society Conference. As each session of the conference proceeded under the direction of President Belle S. Spafford and her counselors, Marianne C. Sharp and Louise W. Madsen, and as messages of inspiration and instruction were given through word, music, and dramatic presentation, one felt they were indeed responding to the admonition of the First Presidency in 1942 to members of Relief Society, "never to forget that they are a unique organization in the whole world. . . ."

For the first time since the dedication of the Relief Society Building in 1956, mission Relief Society presidents from Canada, United States, Mexico, and Central America were in attendance. A special all-day meeting was held for these sisters in the General Board room on Tuesday, October 4.

The opening session of the conference was the Officers Meeting held in the Tabernacle on Wednesday from 10 A.M. to 12 noon for stake and mission officers and board members. President Joseph Fielding Smith of the Council of the Twelve, an advisor to Relief Society, opened the conference with an appeal to the sisters of the Church "to teach their children the truths of the gospel as found in the scriptures." President Spafford then presented the Report and Official Instructions.

As the 2508 sisters from the stakes and 101 from missions responded to a standing roll call conducted by Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker, it was impressive to observe the large number of representatives from several missions and the majority of stakes, and that every stake in the Church, including Auckland, New Zealand; Sydney, Australia; and Manchester, England, had representation at the conference.

Elder Mark E. Petersen of the Council of the Twelve, also an advisor to Relief Society, concluded this session with an admonition for every mother to help "build the needed spirituality to preserve the home" against the evils of the day through active affiliation in Relief Society. The music for this session was presented by a chorus of 175 Singing Mothers from the Big Horn Stake in Wyoming, under the direction of Ora M. Welch with Alexander Schreiner at the organ.

In the General Session at 2 P.M. Relief Society members and the general public heard inspiring addresses by President Henry D. Moyle of the First Presidency, the members of the Relief Society General Presidency, and Alberta H.

Christensen of the General Board. As a prophet speaking to the mothers of modern Israel, President Moyle said, "It is my duty today to issue a note of warning, of caution, and call upon you to use wisdom, judgment, and discretion and above all, dedicate yourselves first and foremost to the proper rearing of your children and your grandchildren." President Spafford emphasized the need for society today to strive more for the enduring, deep-seated spiritual needs of mankind and stressed the lasting rewards that accrue through "serving with full intent of heart." Counselor Sharp pointed out the responsibility of mothers to make a heaven at home and how Relief Society can help them to do so. Counselor Madsen discussed the noble calling and privilege of a mother to help build up the kingdom of God by being a good wife, mother, and homemaker. Sister Christensen told of the value of a mother using profitably her time and talents.

A 500-voice chorus of Singing Mothers from seventeen stakes in the Ogden and Northern Utah Regions provided the music. The chorus was directed by Florence Jepperson Madsen of the General Board, and Alexander Schreiner accompanied at the organ.

On Wednesday evening from 7 to 10 P.M. the General Board members greeted approximately 2500 stake and mission officers and board members at a beautifully appointed reception in the Relief Society Building.

In the 10 A.M. Departmental Meeting on Thursday morning, dramatic presentations entitled "Out of the Book" and "This I Remember" featured the current year's theology and literature courses, respectively. The second year's social science course was presented through a symposium interspersed with narrations and musical background. The Monument Park West Stake Singing Mothers Chorus, directed by Louise Cook, rendered the music in connection with the theology presentation. Frank W. Asper was at the organ.

Elder Marion G. Romney, of the Council of the Twelve, opened the 1:30 P.M. Departmental Meeting with an address defining the duties of Relief Society in the Welfare Plan. The visiting teacher messages for the current year were introduced through a presentation, "Messengers of Love and Service." At that same hour separate departmental sessions were held for secretary-treasurers, work meeting leaders, and choristers and organists.

From 2:45 to 4 P.M. other departmental sessions were held in the Tabernacle for stake and mission presidencies and *Magazine* representatives, and in the Assembly Hall for stake and mission class leaders. Elder Alvin R. Dyer, an Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, spoke in the presidencies department on the missionary program of the Church in Europe. Another special feature of this meeting was an inspiring presentation on *The Relief Society Magazine*, "As a Voice Speaking." Music was provided by the Bountiful North Stake Singing Mothers directed by Iris H. Moon, with Roy M. Darley at the organ.

Thus concluded another glorious conference of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Grandma's Surprise Packages

Frances C. Yost

GRANDMA Benson let her tired hands rest in her lap. It was Christmas Eve and she was ready for it. Why she had her family. This should be a time a lovely surprise package for every one of the twenty-five members in for real celebrating, the eve of Christmas, but her heart wasn't in it.

There was a hurt in her heart she just couldn't shake off, and it wasn't something she could talk over, or confide in anyone. She just had to go on bravely smiling and loving all the family as she always had. Some hurts were best that way, left alone.

Grandma Benson knew the very day the hurt in her heart had started. She was just as happy as a grandmother could be, with her children and grandchildren around her, and thinking they all loved her until. . . . Well, it happened right after the Thanksgiving family get-together. Why it was the morning after, in fact. It all happened right in the dear old room she loved.

It was a big room, with plenty of light. It was a combination living room and bedroom, with an adjoining private bath. She had all the things she loved here in the room, her books and keepsakes, and she was comfortable. If she wanted to have privacy, she could have it, and if she wanted to join the family, she was always welcome. If she wanted her meals alone, one of the children would gladly bring a tray to her room. True, the furniture was getting shabby, and the rug was worn, and the curtains were mended. But it was home, and she was perfectly happy, until that morning when her son James and his wife Laura had come to her room. Grandma Benson could remember it so well, every word that had been said. . . .

"May we come in awhile and visit, Mother?"

"Why certainly, James, you know you're always welcome in my part of the house." Grandma Benson had chuckled gaily then. Now, she realized she was presumptive to have said, "my part of the house." None of the house was really hers, it was James' and Laura's home, not hers at all. Her old home had been sold to pay expenses when Grandpa had died. And, anyway, the family had said she mustn't live alone. At that time they had appeared to mean it.

"Did you sleep well, Mother Benson?"

"Why yes, Laura, thanks to you, keeping clean, lovely, soft sheets on my bed, I sleep like a child. I love my dear old bed."

"Mother, that's what Laura and I wanted to talk to you about. Would you mind so much living with Chris and Sarah for awhile?"

James hadn't said for how long. He hadn't said she was too much work for Laura, or that she needed a rest. Just that. Would you mind living with Chris and Sarah awhile?

It sort of took her breath, really, but she quickly moistened her lips and smiled faintly and said, "Why, James, it would be fine to stay a spell with Chris and Sarah."

She guessed she should have been moving from one child's home to

another, before someone suggested it, not bother any one family too long. But she had felt so at home here with James and Laura, and they had acted as if it was all right to stay permanently.

"Well, then, if you'll pack a suitcase, I'll take you over to Sarah's place first thing after breakfast."

"Mother Benson, why don't you pack the little trunk. You know, take all the things you'll need, and your Christmas sewing and crocheting, and. . . ."

"Yes, Laura, I'll get my things right now." She turned quickly. She mustn't ever let anyone know. She must finish life bravely, serenely, no matter what happened. No matter if she were passed around among the children the rest of her days. . . .

GRANDMA Benson went over the last month while living here at Chris' and Sarah's. They had treated her nice enough. They really had. The children had been happy to have her read to them occasionally, and she had had time to make all of her Christmas gifts. She had made cute little aprons for the smaller girls. Some were ruffled pinafores, and some were appliqued with flowers or birds. The older granddaughters would receive a length of fine lace for pillowcases. They were all filling hope chests. The boys in the family would get colorful crocheted bookmarks. Boys needed to be encouraged to sit down and read, Grandma thought. The men would each receive a knitted tie, and the ladies crocheted bedroom slippers to match their favorite robe. Besides the present, Grandma had written a little personal verse for each person. It had all taken lots of time and thought. In fact, it had been good for her. When one was doing things creative, one didn't have so much time to remember hurts.

Chris and Sarah and their children had been ever so nice. She didn't have any complaints, except that Chris and Sarah were gone a great deal evenings. And Sarah usually made some excuse, almost every afternoon, to go to the library, or shopping.

Then, too, they were rather crowded. She shared a room with Janice, who was working downtown, and was dating. She knew her being there was inconvenient for Janice. She never turned on the light to undress, and just felt around for her nighty and slippers in the dark.

James and Laura had come to see her quite often, but not once had they said anything like, "Do you want to come home, Mother?" She guessed she had worn out her welcome at James' and Laura's completely.

Now, it was the day before Christmas, and they were all to spend Christmas Eve at James' and Laura's. They would have the usual program, mostly the little tots singing and reciting. Then the presents would be opened, and light refreshments served, before each family went to its own home to await Santa's visit.

GRANDMA Benson had assumed the family usually came to James' and Laura's because she had made her home there. Now, she realized, it was because their house was much larger. It would be different this year. Instead of her being there to greet the others when

they arrived, being one of the hostesses, she now was just a guest in James' and Laura's home.

Grandma Benson had a sudden impulse to pull out her lace-edged handkerchief and fill it with the tears she had held back ever so long. But she mustn't give way to grief. Not at Christmas time. Not ever! Life had been hard many times, and she wasn't going to let down when she was pushing seventy-seven. What had Grandpa Benson always said? "Keep a stiff upper lip, Susan, things have a way of working out!"

"Are you ready to go, Grandma?" Sarah asked. Sarah always said, *Grandma*. And she was her own daughter. It made her feel so old. Of course, she knew Sarah did it to set an example for her children.

"Why, yes, Sarah, I'm ready, all but my coat and scarf."

"Roger, go get Grandma's coat in the hall closet. Don't drop the scarf tucked in the sleeve." Sarah turned to the others. "The rest of you get in the car."

Then all at once they were driving up to James' and Laura's. The dear old home looked so lovely, all the evergreens starlit with snowflakes. James had strung lights on the biggest pine tree, making a real outdoor Christmas tree!

The drapes were drawn, and the lighted tree in the living room was even more beautiful than when she had been there to help decorate, or sit back and suggest where to hang the ornaments. And the little stockings she had made for all last year, were hanging on the mantle. They had remembered to use them, even though she hadn't been there to suggest it.

The door was swinging open now, and both James and Laura were calling: "Merry Christmas all of you!"

"Welcome home, Mother." James and Laura said together, then they looked at each other and laughed softly.

"Mother, you might as well take your scarf and coat right up."

James took her arm, and Laura took her other arm, and they were taking her up the stairs. Perhaps they didn't want her in the living room, and yet they had said, "Welcome home, Mother." What were all the others doing following at their heels?

JAMES swung the door to her old room open, and a silence fell on all the family, even those still at the foot of the stairway. Grandma Benson caught her breath and just looked. Why a miracle had happened!

Instead of the drab old flowered wallpaper, there was a lovely soft pink on the walls. The old gray woodwork was all pink now. The dear old bed and dresser and vanity were all refinished in limed oak. The overstuffed chair was reupholstered in a lovely blue. The floor was covered with wall to wall carpeting in a soft blue shade. At the windows hung flowered cretonne draw drapes. They had little pink and blue flowers, carrying out the color scheme of the room.

"Sarah made the drapes, Mother Benson," Laura said, "that's why she left you so much, she was sewing every minute over here. And here are the lovely hooked rugs you gave me. I cherish them as much as ever, but they just seemed to belong in this room."

"Yes, they do add a cozy touch," Grandma Benson murmured.

It was so like Laura, giving someone else what she herself cherished. Why had she doubted her unselfishness for a time? Grandma Benson had a big lump in her throat, but she must speak up. The family would think her ungrateful. What was James saying?

"All the family helped, Mother. They helped lovingly, with their hands and with their purses, and we've all enjoyed doing it. You see, we didn't wrap your presents as surprises by the tree this year, we hid them behind your own door."

"Your own door," the words were sweet to Grandma Benson. She wanted to cry, but they were tears of joy she was holding back now. Her lip quivered, but she managed to control herself and gave her biggest smile.

"You children surely did surprise me all right. And you have made me very, very happy. You're all dears, and I love you every one. Now let's go downstairs and start our program. I want to hear the little folks' pieces, and . . . ." Grandma Benson laughed gaily, "I have a few surprise packages to pass out myself."

Wearing the Smell of Woods

Maude Rubin

Wearing the smell of woods, the morning air,
Its resiny freshness brings the outdoors in;
The house, already bright with berries' flare,
Now puts on soft green sable. . . . Clear and thin
The call of robins once rang through these boughs;
A squirrel skittered to his needled tip—
A chipmunk hurried to her hidden house;
A chickadee sat here to swing and dip.
Now I must dress this fragrant forest thing
With glittering toys and baubles blue and gold;
Must string light-cord where winds no longer sing
Or icicles ring crystal chimes of cold.
I spread the new white cotton on the floor,
Pour star-dust from a package; close and snug
I draw the window curtains. One thing more,
To sweep the shining litter from the rug.
All this for children's magic morning-sight
This tree, now leafed with silver, flowered with light!

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, December 1, and December 15, 1900

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

THE NEW CENTURY: Whatever may be the fate of the world a century later one cannot help feeling and realizing that the United States, the Republic of America is marching onward to a high destiny. . . . Development goes forward and ideas accumulate as the world grows older, and men and women who seriously contemplate life and action . . . enter upon the century heart and soul and seem to be lifted by a sort of mental and spiritual enthusiasm into higher ranges of sublimity than were known a hundred years ago. . . . —Editorial

CENTURY'S GREETING TO AID RED CROSS: The parting of the centuries on the night of the 31st of the coming December will have a celebration of world-wide import and interest in the unique watch meetings to be held in this country under the auspices of the American National Red Cross. The specially organized Twentieth Century Department of the Red Cross is now preparing to hold watch meetings, as far as practicable, in every city, town and village in the United States. Mammoth meetings are already arranged for in New York and other leading cities, in Madison Square Gardens and other great auditoriums, to see the old century out and the new century in. . . . Probably no sign or figure in the secular world is sacred to so many eyes as the Red Cross of Geneva. It is the insignia of a humanity that knows no foe. . . . Its international organization is founded on the welcome and authorization of the united governments of the civilized world. . . .

—E. B. W.

CHRISTMAS REVERIES

. . . While the tremulous pulse of the universe
Is throbbing with "peace and good will,"
Thus my soul is replete with reveries sweet,
Brightest hopes my being to thrill;
That the waning days of this century
May carry all doubt from the world;
That love among men forever may reign,
With the banner of peace unfurled. . . .

—Ellis R. Shipp

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE IN UINTAH STAKE: President Sarah Pope was pleased to again have the privilege of meeting with the sisters in conference, and said we had with us two sisters from headquarters and no doubt all would be pleased to hear from them. . . . Sister Mary E. Irvine said . . . President Joseph Smith turned the key in behalf of women, and how they had advanced since that time. We should look after ourselves and not spend so much time bothering our neighbors. When we go before our Father in heaven He will not ask us what everyone else has been doing, but what we ourselves have done. Sister Susan Grant said one of the important missions of the Relief Society was to store up grain and then take care that it is not destroyed. We should always remember our prayers. . . .

—Addie Longhurst, Sec.

THE FUTURE: Those who are permitted to live far into the twentieth century are likely to see and learn still more marvelous things than have been made known in the past. —Editorial

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MISS MARY E. SWITZER is director of the United States Federal Office of Vocational Rehabilitation. She was recently named by the Eighth World Congress of the International Society for the Welfare of Cripples as one of three recipients of the Albert Lasker Award, medicine's highest. She is the first woman to receive this honor. She has also been presented with awards by the National Rehabilitation Association, the Cerebral Palsy, AmVets, Institute for the Crippled and Disabled associations, among others.

MRS. HALIMA ANEGAY, a twenty-five-year-old widow from Casablanca, is cultural attache of the Moroccan Embassy in Washington and is also assigned to the social, humanitarian, and cultural committee of the United Nations.

MRS. ELEANORE J. GREENE, a Latter-day Saint of Pasadena, California, has recently been inducted into the Multi-Millionaire Club of a national life insurance company for her outstanding record in life insurance salesmanship. She is the only woman to receive this distinctive honor from her company, and is one of the few women in the United States to receive a similar award.

PRINCESS MICHIKO, beautiful, charming, and intelligent commoner wife of Crown Prince Akihito, of Japan, arrived in Washington, D. C., with her husband on September 27, to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of Japan's entrance into diplomatic relations with the United States.

MRS. OSWALD LORD is the best known American woman delegate to the United Nations, being in attendance the year around. Mrs. Agda Rossel, of Sweden, is the only permanent woman head of a United Nations delegation.

NINETTE DE VALOIS, Director of Britain's Royal Ballet, in October presented eighty-four artists, including "jewel-like" Prima Ballerina Margot Fonteyn, at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City. The company also made appearances in twenty-five other cities of the United States. "Madame Valois," born Edris Stanus, in Ireland, was made a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire in 1951, in recognition of her long years of devoted service in training the Royal Ballet (formerly Sadler's Wells) to such a point of perfection that the troupe has been recognized as "matchless in the West."

EDITORIAL

VOL. 47 DECEMBER 1960 NO. 12

The 130th Semi-Annual Church Conference

THE 130th Semi-Annual Conference of the Church was held in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Utah, October 7, 8, and 9, 1960, with our beloved President David O. McKay conducting all six general sessions and the Priesthood meeting.

With the temple spires reaching heavenward, and the welcoming doors of the great Tabernacle open, the saints assembled and heard again the message of eternal life from those chosen and anointed of God to direct the Church in this crucial time of world events.

Two of the General Authorities, Elder George Q. Morris of the Council of the Twelve, and President Levi Edgar Young of the First Council of the Seventy were unable to attend the Conference because of illness. President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. of the First Presidency was present on Sunday morning.

On Friday, the Singing Mothers from Ogden and Northern Utah presented the music under the direction of Florence Jepperson Madsen of the General Board of Relief Society, with Roy Darley at the organ.

Three new Assistants to the Council of the Twelve were sustained: Elder Nathan Eldon Tanner, President of Calgary Stake; President Franklin D. Richards, President of the Northwestern States Mission; and Elder Theodore M. Burton, recently released as President of the West German Mission.

The Conference addresses emphasized the spiritual security obtained by adherence to the gospel plan. In his opening address, President McKay welcomed the vast throngs in attendance and those who were tuned to the proceedings in homes and towns and cities far and near. He spoke of leaders among men who have denounced a belief in Jesus as the Savior and have taught atheism to the children of many nations. He declared:

> The members of the Church throughout the world find confirmation of their testimony in every performance of duty. They know that the gospel teaches them to be better individuals; that obedience to the principles of the gospel makes them stronger men, and truer women. Every day such knowledge comes to them, and they cannot gainsay it. They know that obedience to the gospel of Jesus Christ makes them happier, better, and truer husbands, true and honored wives, obedient children.

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. delivered a vigorous and stirring testimony of the power and strength given to men through the divine mission of the Savior. "I renew to you this morning," he said, "the testimony I have given to you for over a quarter of a century . . . a testimony that God lives, and that Jesus is his Son."

Let us try always to learn what the

Lord wants. If we are living the kind of lives we should live, that I hope we do live, we will find that no question ever arises in our minds for determination as to whether or not we should do a good deed, take a good course. . . . "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire." And in praying, no matter what our words may be, there will be in the back of our minds the real prayer, the real desire, and that will be controlling.

President Henry D. Moyle urged the saints to live in righteousness.

We are the children of promise so long as we keep the commandments of God. I have no doubt it will take continuous effort . . . upon our part. These are not blessings which will flow to us automatically merely because we ask for them. We will be justified, however, if we follow all that God reveals through his servants, the prophets. We have been given direction, sometimes thought of as temporal in its nature. . . . We can draw no hard and fast line between temporal and spiritual. All that is good is spiritual.

In the concluding session, President McKay admonished:

God help us to be partakers of the divine nature. May the spirit of this great conference radiate from your hearts to those whom you will meet when you go back to your stakes and wards, and especially may it radiate in your homes.

Christmas for the Children

THE first Christmas, with its worship and its singing, its fulfillment and its promise, brought the Magi of the East to the manger place, and the shepherds from the hills, to worship a newborn Child, the Savior of the world. When the Child became a man and walked the hills and valleys of the Holy Land, bringing to the earth his message of eternal life, he called the children to him and blessed them.

In the long years since that star-illumined night, many people have forgotten the meaning of Christmas and have retained only its symbols, and even these have been changed. But the children are the same as in ancient times — they are the same the world over. Their minds are eager and receptive, to them the world is new and full of wonder. So lately come from their Father in heaven, they seem to be hearing still the voices of the angels. These little ones are capable of understanding much more about Christmas than they can learn from seeing the glowing trees, the lighted windows, or from hearing the bells and the carols. Even small children can experience a Christmas that can give them a basis for knowing that the Babe of Bethlehem was the Messiah, the Lord of this world, and their Redeemer.

Let the children hear for themselves the words from the Bible: "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold there came wise men from the east. . . ." But these wise men came for greater learning, for they had not discovered the way in which the children of earth could return to their Heavenly Father and live with him forever. This message was brought to the earth by Jesus and through him we may return to that home which was ours in the beginning. Let us cherish each moment with the children that the glory of the first Christmas may become for them the reality of reverence and rejoicing.

—V.P.C.

The Need Is Urgent

A Message From the National Tuberculosis Association

Submitted by Franklin K. Brough
Executive Director, Utah Tuberculosis and Health Association

THERE'S a killer loose, and if we don't nail him quickly, we may never get him. The killer is the tuberculosis germ. We have the weapons —modern drugs. We must use them now or we may not have another chance.

Drugs that fight disease when they're first used sometimes fail to work after awhile because the germs develop defensive tactics. If that happens with the TB germ before the thousands of people with active disease are found and treated, we shall have lost our opportunity to wipe out this dread disease. Remember that TB is infectious. One person who has it can give it to many others, who in turn may infect still more people.

Right now, thirty-six million Americans are infected with the TB germ. Based on what is happening today, it is estimated that about 156,000 of these infected people will break down with active tuberculosis during the next four or five years. Many of the rest of them may well develop active disease ten or twenty years from now and become a source of new infections far into the future.

The tuberculosis problem is so crucial right now that the U.S. Public Health Service and the National Tuberculosis Association held a conference at Arden House, in Harriman, N.Y., to find ways of dealing with it. They recommended an all-out country-wide community effort to find all people with active TB and treat them with modern drugs until they are no longer infectious.

This is vital, urgent work. Your Christmas Seal contribution can do a lot to help. Send it today to your local Tuberculosis Association.

Christmas Morning Child

Ethel Jacobson

The laden tree is dazzling,
Its strings of tinsel drip;
And colored baubles glisten,
And a star shines from the tip.

Lights glow like golden sparklers
Where glittering toys lie piled,
But nothing's quite so shining
As a Christmas morning child.

Christmas Treats for Company

Winnifred C. Jardine

CHRISTMAS time always brings visions of sugar plums — or so the legend goes — and it's little wonder, for good things to eat go with Christmas.

When mothers look to the holidays, much of their busy-ness is concerned with food. Menus for family and company meals take much advance thought. Mother must also plan for tasty tidbits and snacks to serve to drop-in guests, for, during the Christmas season, the word *hospitality* is spelled *food* — and every homemaker knows it!

In planning special snacks for the holidays, there are two requisites for any recipe used. They must make *luscious* eating, and they must be quick and easy to make. It's best if some of the fixing can be done ahead of time, so that the last minute put-together won't frustrate the hostess.

Because so much of Christmas is sweet, it is an ingenious hostess who prepares some snacks that are *not* sweet. A fresh bowl of crisp vegetable sticks and chilled olives and pickles could be a hit of the holiday, or a mound of fresh fruit surrounded by cheese and crackers would be welcome any time of day or evening.

Tomato juice, already spiced and seasoned, would take just a minute to heat and serve — and how good and warm it would taste on a wintry Christmas night! Serve it with tender flaky cheese straws that have been made and carefully stored to hold their freshness. Very elegant are tiny little mushroom tarts, made and baked ready for a last-minute heating up in the oven. No tidbits were ever more tasty than these. Looking like a piece of candy, but definitely not, is a cheese pecan log. It is a tasty combination of cream and blue cheese, seasoned and shaped, then rolled in chopped pecans, chilled and sliced.

Tiny cream puff shells filled with chicken, crab, or salami salad also are good accompaniments to a hot punch. These little shells can be previously made and the ingredients for the salad ready for a last-minute tossing with mayonnaise and a little sandwich spread. (Sandwich spread provides the flavors of pimiento, pickles, and seasoning all in one and adds lots of flavor in a hurry.)

Hot Spiced Tomato Juice

5 c. tomato juice
⅓ c. brown sugar, packed
6 whole cloves
2 sticks cinnamon
4 slices lemon

Combine all ingredients, bring to a boil, and simmer 5 minutes. Strain and serve hot. Makes 6 servings.

Jack's Cheese Straws

4 oz. sharp American cheese
1½ c. sifted flour
¾ tsp. salt
dash of pepper
dash of cayenne pepper
½ c. butter

Grate cheese finely or rub through a wire sieve. Sift flour and seasonings together. Cream butter until light and fluffy; add seasoned flour and cheese. Blend thoroughly. Let stand in refrigerator for 1 hour. Roll pastry ⅛-inch thick. Cut into 4-inch squares. Cut each square into straws 4 inches long and ⅛-inch wide. Lift carefully with spatula and place on ungreased cookie sheet. Bake at 400° F. for 8 to 10 minutes. When done, the cheese straws should be a light golden color. Be careful not to brown too much, for they burn easily. Makes about 3 dozen straws.

Mushroom Tarts

2 dozen unbaked miniature tart shells (See recipe for Dainty Christmas Tarts.)
1 c. canned mushrooms, drained
2 tbsp. butter
1 tbsp. chopped chives or green onions
1 tbsp. chopped parsley
1 tbsp. lemon juice
½ c. light cream
1½ tsp. paprika

Make pastry shells as directed. Slice or chop mushrooms and saute in butter. Add chives and parsley; then add lemon juice and simmer for 5 minutes. Add cream and paprika. The mixture is thin; but don't worry — the filling will be the right consistency when baked. Put one teaspoonful of mixture into each tart shell. Bake at 400° F. for 20 to 25 minutes or until pastry is golden brown in color. Makes 2 dozen tarts.

Cheese Pecan Log

3-3-oz. packages cream cheese
2 tbsp. cream
½ lb. blue cheese
2 tsp. grated onion
1 clove garlic, finely minced
½ tsp. paprika
1 c. chopped pecans

Mix cream cheese with cream. Blend with blue cheese. Add onion, garlic, and paprika. Form into ball about 1 inch in diameter. Spread chopped pecans on waxed paper. Roll cheese in pecans. Wrap in waxed paper and chill. Slice in thin slices. Serve with crackers and assorted cheeses.

Tiny Cream Puff Shells

½ c. butter or substitute
1 c. boiling water
1 c. sifted flour
¼ tsp. salt
4 eggs, unbeaten

Combine butter and water in saucepan and bring to boil. Add flour and salt and stir constantly until mixture leaves sides of pan in smooth compact mass. Remove from heat and cool slightly. Add eggs, one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Beat steadily until mixture is smooth and satiny. Drop ½ teaspoon batter for each puff onto ungreased cookie sheet. Bake at 450°F. for 6 to 8 minutes, then at 325°F. for 15 to 20 minutes. Cool. Fill with fish or chicken salad. Or, if desired, for sweet eating, fill with a dab of cream filling. Two packages vanilla pudding (pie mix) will fill one batch of tiny cream puffs. Top with a bit of colored frosting. Makes 70 miniature puffs.

Dainty Christmas Tarts

This recipe is practically fool-proof.

Crusts

½ c. (1 stick) butter or substitute
⅓ oz. package cream cheese
1 c. sifted all-purpose flour
¼ teaspoon salt

Allow butter (substitute) and cream cheese to come to room temperature. In a bowl with a fork, cream butter and cheese together until well blended, then add flour and salt that have been sifted together, ¼ cup at a time, and blend with a fork. Chill for 1 or 2 hours, if desired, then roll dough into 24 balls the size of marbles. With fingertips, press each ball to fit ungreased tart shells (1½ to 2 inches in diameter). Fill each tart with 1 teaspoon filling, as suggested on following page. Bake at 350°F. for 15 minutes, then at 250° for 10 minutes. Makes 2 dozen shells.

Courtesy California Dried Fruit Research Institute

RAISIN SURPRISES

Pecan Filling:

1 large egg, beaten with fork
¾ c. brown sugar, packed
½ tsp. vanilla
½ c. chopped pecans

Combine ingredients thoroughly, and use as directed on previous page.

Raisin Surprises

Pastry:

2 c. sifted all-purpose flour
1 tbsp. sugar
3½ tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
⅓ c. shortening
¾ c. milk
melted butter (or substitute)
granulated sugar

Sift flour, sugar, baking powder, and salt into mixing bowl. Cut in shortening until in small pieces. Add milk and mix to moderately stiff dough. Turn out onto lightly floured board, knead once or twice, then roll out to an oblong about 12 x 9 inches (dough will be about ¼-inch thick). Cut into 12 squares (about 3 inches).

Raisin Filling: Mix together until blended 1 c. light or dark raisins, ¼ c. brown sugar (packed), 1 tsp. cinnamon, and 2 tbsp. melted butter or margarine. Sufficient for one dozen surprises.

Drop spoonful of raisin filling in center of each square. Bring the four corners of each square together and twist lightly at the top. Place in greased medium-sized muffin cups. Brush each "surprise" with melted butter (or substitute) and sprinkle with sugar. Bake at 400°F. for 15 to 20 minutes.

The Trees the Family Made

Helen S. Williams

TREES grow in woods, in orchards, and gardens, while some spread their wide branches to give shade from scorching summer suns. The trees of springtime, with their delicate blossoms of pink and white, are harbingers of the bright luscious fruit of autumn days. Whether trees are the silver-trunked aspens of the mountains, with their trembling leaves, or the dark, velvety sentinel pines of the forest, nature has made them beautiful to behold, and man stands in wonder at God's handiwork.

As Yuletide approaches, the season during which the Christian world celebrates Christ's birth, a tree becomes a symbol. Nations, countries, communities, and families have their own traditions about Christmas trees, and throughout the world grandparents and parents pass on to their children and grandchildren, customs, stories, decorations, and ideas which keep alive the warmth and glow of the Christmas tree.

The Christmas tree truly becomes a family affair, as little ones, with father and mother, pop corn and string chains of the white kernels, or string cranberries on branches or hang rock candy, frosted cookies, or peppermint canes on the soft green boughs.

Whether the decorations are precious old-fashioned ones, gay, new icicles smoothed and hung just so, or the modern exotic balls of colored glass, or those made of velvet and sequins, the decorating becomes a joyous pastime when each and every member of the family takes a part in creating a tree of loveliness and beauty. The tree the family makes becomes not only a symbol of Christmas, but an expression of family mutuality and solidarity.

In Florence Williams' family is an example of the old axiom that a family which works and plays and laughs together stays together, and is bound by lasting ties of loving affection, spirit, and interests.

As Christmas draws near, Florence goes to the homes of each of her children laden with materials to help with ideas, to work with them, and to give guidance, for she has had years of experience in decorating and making unusual Christmas articles.

At the home of son Richard and his wife, Marion, at Christmas time, there will be a most unusual Christmas tree on their front door with two glamorous ball trees at either side of the doorway as pictured.

Each and every member of the family helped in one way or another to create these trees. Mother Marion and Grandmother Florence assembled all the materials. When everything was in readiness the family all gathered in the work room, and the fun of making the family tree began. Father was supervisor and consulting engineer and really did most of the hard, intricate work.

First, he cut a piece of styrofoam in the shape of a perfect Christmas tree. Ricky, aged eighteen, aided by Florence, drilled small holes through hazel, Brazil, almond, pecan nuts, walnuts, and peanuts. This was accomplished with a very fine drill.

While this was going on, Ann,

Hal Rumel

THE CHRISTMAS TREES THE FAMILY MADE

aged fifteen, and Janie, eleven, busied themselves cutting pine cones in half to resemble rosebuds. Five-year-old Tommy had the time of his life snipping wire into two-and-one-half inch lengths with some tin snips.

MOTHER Marion was busy cutting a basket in half, gilding it, and filling it with artificial moss. The basket was cut in half so that it would be flat against the door.

The materials were all ready at last and everyone helped by dipping the florist wire pieces into glue, then quickly slipping them through the holes in the nuts and into the styrofoam tree. The spaces left exposed were filled in with bits of artificial green foliage. Finally, the styrofoam tree was covered completely with nuts, pine cones, rosebuds, and soft greens.

The tree was then planted and held with wire in the golden half-basket filled with the moss — but before the family could take the tree upstairs to hang on the door, the tree balls to stand on either side had to be made.

Into perfectly round balls of styrofoam was inserted a brush handle which had been sprayed with gold paint. These round handles were planted in flower pots filled with plaster-of-Paris, then placed in old-fashioned milk buckets. The handles were inserted into the pots while the plaster was moist and held very straight until the mixture solidified. This process didn't take long.

The styrofoam balls were then covered with the nuts, cones, and greens in the same manner as the tree for the door was made.

Under each ball Anne tied a glistening bow of three-inch-wide gold metallic ribbon. The trees were beautiful and would give perfect balance to the front entrance of the house.

When all was in readiness, the family followed Father and Ricky as they carried the tree to the front porch. They watched as Ricky hung the tree with a wire attached to a hook at the top of the front door and then he secured it to the door knocker with another piece of wire. The girls placed the round trees, just so, on either side of the doorway, and father adjusted the spotlight so it would shine brightly on the decorations when dusk descended.

With the green door as a background, all the rich tones of the brown nuts and dark foliage, the bright gold of the ribbon bows, handles, and baskets, seemed to radiate in the darkness.

We're grateful for the lovely trees created by nature that beautify our land, and we're thankful for the family spirit, the traditions, the joy of having ideas which grow into unusual and picturesque family trees at Christmas.

Florence has been blessed with a rare gift of being able to create, to make her ideas materialize into things of beauty, but her greatest blessing is the quality of wanting to share with others her talents and abilities.

As she enters her sons' and daughter's houses, on Christmas she will have the satisfaction and great joy to behold the beautiful "Trees the Family Made."

William Beal

A CONVENTION OF DOLLS

Front row, left to right: little girl doll in everyday dress; baby doll with bonnet; doll in a party dress.

At the back, left: doll wearing pajamas; right: doll in fancy dress.

Let's Dress Dolls for Christmas

Shirley Thulin

TOP on the list of every little girl's Christmas desires is a brand new doll, but did you know there is something she really wants more? A new wardrobe for the doll family she already has.

To buy the new dresses, panties, slips, or coats, to clothe her beloved dolls properly, would cost much more than the price of a new doll, but you can make them yourself for pennies. And with the help of some tried and proved shortcuts, they aren't the tedious work they once were. If you are a grandmother, you can assist with the dolly's wardrobe.

First, look carefully at the doll you are about to dress, and decide her type. Is she a baby doll, a teenage doll, a mother type doll, or a little girl doll? Some dolls also lend themselves to dressing in costumes of Orientals, Europeans, or as pioneers. Little girls love to see their dolls in different costumes.

Make at least the following for each doll: A nightgown or pajamas, everyday dress, skirt and blouse for the teen doll, party or best dress, coat, robe, and underclothing.

Don't forget to make pillows and quilts, or other household extras. They are really a desirable touch.

The main thing is to have the accent

William Beal

BRIDE DOLL AND WINTER DOLL

on authenticity. If you make a "leather" belt or purse, it will add just the right touch of "realness" to thrill a little mother. Make belts of leftover oilcloth or plastic.

Put tiny pockets in all skirts, coats, or wherever you think one would look nice, and for a touch of realism, which is the secret of dressing dolls, add a tiny, lace-edged hanky.

Always use the tiniest of buttons or snaps. Too large a button will look cumbersome and take away the miniature appeal. If you have a little sprig of flowers, take them apart and use the little individual blossom for the corsage on a coat, or a touch on a hat. Pearls to go around the doll's neck or to match around the skirt of a party dress can be made from an inexpensive packet of beads. You can also buy many other aids, such as sequins or glitter, but to save money, look in your trunk or in the discarded sewing basket, for bits of lace, fur, or other sewing treasures. You will also need some narrow elastic for the panties and pajamas.

Second, look over your material. Be sure to use the correct fabric for the article of clothing. Use flannel for the nightgowns, corduroy or wool for the skirts and coats, nylon or satin for party dresses. If you sew for your daughter, you will really thrill her by making clothes for her doll to match those you have made for her.

To make underpanties, use a piece of knitted underskirt, or underwear. Ribbed stocking tops also are good to use. These have "give" to them, and will fit the doll well, and be easy to get on and off. Which brings us to the most important part of making doll clothes. They must be made with an eye to a lot of taking off and putting on. That is the fun of having many clothes for a doll. Making them open all the way down the back is the best way, since most dolls' arms do not bend readily. Snaps can hold the dress or slips together, and the article of clothing will stand much more wear than if it is stitched up too tightly.

Sew trim on the sleeves before sewing them together, also sew trim on dresses before completing them. Almost all work can be done on your sewing machine, thereby making the project less of a chore.

Third, make a basic dress pattern for each doll. To do this, cut the sleeves and bodice all in one piece as in figure 1. Make it from paper, being sure to allow plenty of room for seams. Try making the dress front as wide as the doll is around. To do this, take a piece of string and measure around the doll's body at the largest part. Then lay the string on the paper and make the dress front that wide. The sleeve should be about as wide as the doll's arms are around.

For the back of the dress, you will have to fold the dress front pattern in half down the center, and, putting the fold about one-half inch away from the edge of the material, cut around the sleeves and neck. This makes the back just like the front, except it has room to lap over all the way down for snapping together. (See figure 2.) This pattern can be used for blouses, too, except the opening will be down the front, and it will be shorter. After you have the pattern cut out of paper, cut one out of scraps and sew it up the seams. Try it on the doll and make the necessary adjustments.

The baby doll must have several tiny white flannel diapers, easy to cut with

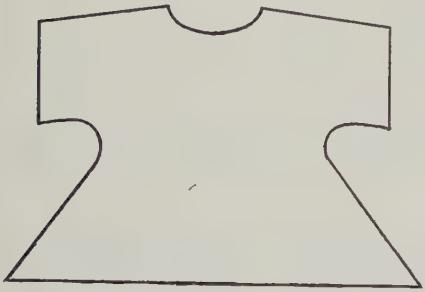


Figure 1
Basic Dress Pattern

your pinking shears, or cut a little larger if you wish to hem them. Put a new shiny miniature safety pin in the diaper the doll wears. A gold-colored one catches the little mother's eye most readily.

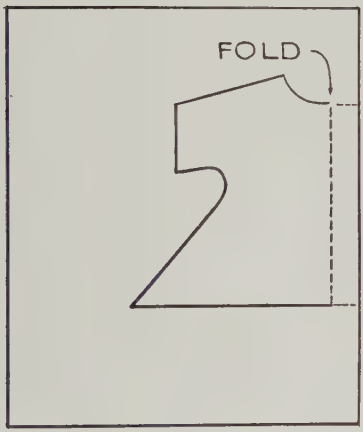


Figure 2
Back of Basic Dress Pattern

For the baby's dress (see figure 3), make it of shiny satin or nylon. A very easy way to do it is to cut a rectangle as wide as the desired length of the dress (measure from the doll's shoulders to below her knees) and measure two times around her at the largest part of her body, for the length of the rectangle.

Cut two tiny semicircles about one half inch from the top edge, and equal distances from the front center, for the armholes. The top of the semicircles makes the cap sleeve. Stitch gathered lace on

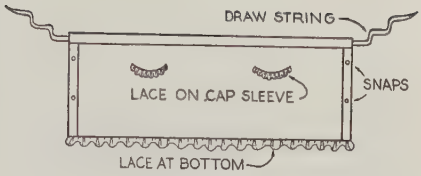


Figure 3
Baby doll's dress

the cap sleeve, and blanket stitch or bind or otherwise finish the under armhole. Wherever a raw edge is left, and it is too small to bind, or would be too cumbersome, blanket stitch or buttonhole stitch around it. This is one of the easy ways to cut down on the work of making doll clothes.

Now hem the bottom edge, or put lace across it, and hem the top edge wide enough for a drawstring (ribbon) to thread through. Hem up both ends with a narrow hem and sew two snaps, one at the very top and one in the center. Put it on the doll, with the opened edges in the back, and draw tightly around her neck. Now tie a bow at the back of her neck.

Make other baby dresses using the same basic dress pattern, also nightgown, and robe of flannel. Make as fancy as you desire, using lace and ribbons. You can also make undershirts out of ribbed undershirts, using the basic dress pattern, and if you are handy with the crochet hook, you will want to make the bonnet and jacket of wool.

To make a bonnet (see figure 4), measure from the center of the back of the doll's head to the hair line in front, for the width; and from just under one ear up over her head to just under the other ear, for the length of the rectangle. Sew a ruffle of lace along one long edge of the rectangle, making a little hem by turning up the raw edge as you go. Now sew a narrow ribbon along each short end of the rectangle, extending far enough beyond the lace edge to tie under the doll's chin. Now gather along the other long edge of the rectangle and pull up tightly and join. This forms the bonnet.

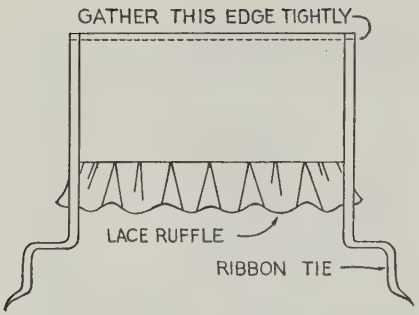


Figure 4
Bonnet

The teenage doll will need at least one slip. (See Figure 5.) Take a straight piece of material twice as long as the doll is around, and as wide as from her waist to the desired length of the finished slip. Sew lace across the bottom, turning up the raw edge once as you sew. Make a band about one-half inch wide as long as the doll is around at her waist, plus enough for a lap over and snap. Gather the slip

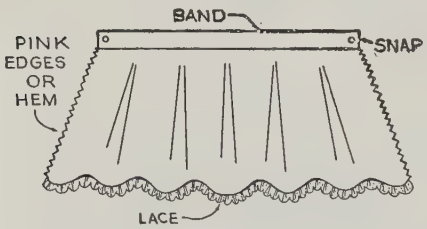


Figure 5
Half Slip

to the band, fold band down and top stitch. Put tiny hem or pink along both ends of rectangle. Sew snap at top corner. You may make the slip fuller than twice around the doll, if desired.

She will also need a party dress. Make it fancy, with tiny pearl trim, or flowers. Lace or netting trim, or a stole to match, gives an elegant touch. Use the basic dress pattern for the party dress.

Make her some pedal pushers from a dark-colored stocking top. They will fit tight and be easy to put on. Place the doll on paper. Draw the outline from her waist to just below her knees. Allow for just a little seam on these, depending on the stretchability of the fabric being used. Make a little white blouse from her basic dress pattern top. To make it look as though the blouse buttons down the front, stitch tiny buttons on the other side of the snaps, and you can just snap it and won't have to make buttonholes.

Make this doll several gathered skirts. They are easy. Just gather a straight piece of fabric onto a band and snap the back, also, make big pockets on the skirt.

Make her a pair of pajamas, using flannel or other fabric suggesting nightwear adaptability. Use the basic dress pattern for the top, a little longer than waist length, and snap it in the front. The pajama bottoms are made of two rectangle pieces of cloth as long as the doll is from her waist to her ankles, and as wide as she is around. Sew them together down the sides. Mark spot of doll's crotch. Now stitch up just off the center of the rectangle, from the bottom edge of the marked crotch. Turn with the needle still in the fabric and take four stitches over and then stitch down to the bottom edge parallel to the first stitching. Then cut up between these two rows of stitching, to form the legs. Hem the leg bottoms. Measure elastic around the waist of the doll. Do not allow for a seam in the elastic, then it will be tight enough to hold the pajamas on. Turn the top of the pajamas under one turn, stitch. Now stitch the elastic along inside the top hem, pulling the elastic tight as you stitch along.

Clothes for a little girl doll are fun to make. Make a basic dress pattern for her and then change it to make all kinds of things from party dresses to school dresses to nightgowns, to blouses and skirts. You will want to make her a full petticoat, not just a wrap-around half slip as you did for the teen doll. Make the top of the petticoat using your basic dress pattern, only cut out the sleeves. Make it come to the waist, and then put a gathered skirt on it.

Purses are made by cutting two squares of plastic or oilcloth and stitching around three sides and making a handle so the doll can carry it.

The Enchanted Clothesline Christmas

Alice M. Graves

THIS was to be the best Christmas ever. As newcomers to Kemmerer, we had lived all summer in a tent in a meadow on the Hams Fork River, and now we had moved into a house. Not much of a house, to be sure, but it had a large kitchen-living room, a small bedroom, and a real floor. Not only all this, but Grandpa and Grandma Morris were to spend Christmas day with us, and to have a turkey roasted by Grandma and to anticipate one of her plum puddings were really something!

It seemed that Christmas Eve would never come, but it did, and four little tots begged to go to bed long before dark. But supper dishes must be washed and placed neatly in the cupboard before the big folding bed could be let down in the kitchen. Finally, we were tucked in for the night, four little shining faces, side by side in the big bed.

We had no official Christmas tree, but from our bed we could see our clothesline tree, about seven feet up in the air, stretched clear across the room. Near one end hung four stockings, the largest ones we could find.

We felt too excited to sleep, but after what seemed an eternity, one by one we drifted off to the land of dreams, while the coal-oil lamp, with its wick turned low, dimly burned on the table.

Before daylight we were wide awake, sitting up in bed and gazing in awe at the enchanted clothesline, for bright-colored, sparkling gifts hung from it, all along like Mama's wash on Monday. Luke guessed the train was for him; Mary knew a certain doll must be hers; Orson chose a dozen gifts that he would like; there were toys that I hoped were for me. What fun we had naming each new toy we saw, and guessing which gifts were ours.

We knew we must wait till Father built a fire in the big range, for it would never do to get out of bed on a winter morning in Wyoming until the room was warm. But, at last, we were up and dressed, and Father had cut down each child's gifts from the line, and we were happy as larks; no one envied anyone else. Santa had known just what gifts each little boy and girl liked best of all.

More than fifty-five Christmases have come and gone since then, but not one has been so engraved on my mind, or tugged at my heartstrings as did that sweet, humble Christmas with its enchanted clothesline Christmas tree, in that little frame shack in Wyoming.

Memories

Zara Sabin

Life is a looking forward,
But somewhere along the way
We suddenly find that we look back—
It may happen any day.

And we learn to our joy or sorrow,
In happiness or tears,
That we have been making memories
All through the years!

My Third Grandma

Part IV — Nandi

Ilene H. Kingsbury

OUR air machine cruised with a quiet throbbing of multiple engines at the height of 20,000 feet above the South Pacific. It was five in the morning and even as far "down under" the earth as we were, the same soft light covered the clouds and the atmosphere as it does at home in the Southwest of North America. Through the window we stretched our gaze to see whether the waters of the deep were still below, or whether our pilot had at last decided to ignore the earth's pull and try an astral exploration on his own.

At that moment the stewardess made her good morning salutation. But who cared at that unearthly hour, we said to ourselves! She went on to caution us to fasten our seat belts, for we would land shortly in Nandi. As I said, the early hour and the clouds below created an unbelievable atmosphere. I responded by saying, out loud, "But that's the name of Grandma Morgan's cow!" Odd that I hadn't remembered this when we received our itinerary for a flight to New Zealand, that spring of 1958, and had read that Fiji was one of our landings, and at Nandi International Airport, at that. But here we were rapidly losing altitude. Even now there was not a trace of the seas below us, let alone that minute piece of earth that scarcely merited a place on the map. Pray that the pilot had read page 34 of his manual and could find it. Pray that Nandi was really there and hadn't existed just because Grandma once had a cow by that name.

All that day on Fiji I lived in two worlds. One was that of Grandma Morgan's era in the last century. The other was the most modern present with highways and a taxi journey of eighty miles to a coral beach. There, under leaning palm shade, we watched natives scoop out from a sandy oven, dug deep, a feast of fish, each tasty bit woven into marvels of palm frond basketry.

Two races live on Fiji. The first race consists of the natives of Fiji, each person with a bushel basket of kinky hair trained with brooms and wet lime to stand up and out from the head. The second is an imported population of malcontents from India. No feature of eye or skin or hair of the East Indians even slightly resembles those of their hosts. The Indians are to be seen on lonely roads or bunched in the shade of trading centers in the frequent villages, although they are said to outnumber the Fijians at present. The men from India wear turbans wound in ceremonial pattern. The women cling to Mother India's style of the long, flowing outer garments and the draped sari of exquisite workmanship. They are never for a moment to be confused with the other race with whom they have lived for generations.

The tortuous road over Fiji followed every up and down elevation of the island, which is the top of a mountain range that crawls the bot-

tom of the Pacific. After a day of feasting and swimming in a paradise called Corolavu Bay, we careened back to Nandi.

I kept thinking of my grandma and hoped to see her counterpart now that I did not have to go to Calcutta to find her. But the women were retiring. Only one daughter of India could be found. Beside a road she waited. Her coral sari was folded over her dark, straight hair, billows of silk followed the contour of her shoulder, a Grecian fold of it fell to her sandals. In her arms she held a child, all eyes, limpid as a well. At her side, or rather sidling behind her mother, was a replica of what Grandma Morgan must have been when she gracefully fanned her mistress in the southern India garden over a hundred years ago.

Grandma's old white cow, of the Southern Utah community, kept coming to mind. I remembered that she had always insisted that it was Nandi and not Mandy, and we had sort of indulged her in the spelling and the pronunciation. Now I found out that she had been right all of the time. The ancient worship in India of the white bull called Nandi is memorialized in this modern airstrip in Fiji. As these people adventured the ocean through the down under part of the world, they took with them their culture and left place names to remind them of their heritage. Nandi, the guardian of all quadrupeds, lives forever!

Dear little, old, generous Third Grandma and her cow called Nandi! She brought a culture to the valleys of the mountains the like of which, and the source of which could never have been dreamed up by the most fanciful fiction writer.

I was homesick in Nandi!

At Winter's Edge

Dorothy J. Roberts

I felt there was no beauty left;
The snow lay tattered on the ground.
Then far above the winter's wane
I found one alabaster mound

As flawless as a dome of pearl.
No stem of mallow marred its face;
Only a single lavaliere
Of doe-tracks twined around its base.

There, circled by a ring of trees,
Whose wakening stems wore saffron dye,
I let my hunger take its fill
Against the opal of the sky.

Orchids in the Snow

CHAPTER 8 (*Conclusion*)

Rosa Lee Lloyd

NEWS of the wedding scurried around the village like a rollicking breeze. McFarland had explained to Jewel before their departure, that everyone should know about the event and be included in the preparations for the reception. That was the way they lived in Bristol. They enjoyed each other's happiness and shared each other's sorrows.

Gifts of skins of bear, wolf, and seal, and treasured bits of gold and rock came from Eskimos, Indians, Aleuts, and white people. A hunter from the tundra brought antlers that were too wide to be brought inside, so Sam fastened them to the top of the porch.

"They can almost see them from the landing strip," Marie said, as she and Sharry watched Sam. "Jewel and Daddy will be married tomorrow. They should be back the next day. Hi, Mama Sue and Uncle Herman, look at the antlers. Aren't they the grandest ever? He must have been king of the herd!"

Susan and Herman were walking up the path. They smiled and nodded.

"The grandest!" Herman repeated.

Each day the walk over from the house next door was more difficult for Herman, but he always made the effort to come. He enjoyed the music and gaiety and long talks with Sam about Alaska. Today Susan was carrying a package as though it was something precious.

"This is for Jewel," she said to Sharry and Marie, as they followed her inside. "We must work quickly to be ready for the reception."

"Trust Mama Sue," Marie said, kissing Susan's cheek as she opened the package, displaying a large, velvety white doeskin.

"Jewel's dress," Susan said. "McFarland will want her dressed this way. I have one more I am saving for Swenson's bride—if he marries in Bristol. This is the only place I know where it is appreciated."

"How lovely!" Sharry exclaimed. "I'm sure Aunt Jewel will appreciate it."

"We'll make it princess style," Susan told them. "You girls can sew seams while I bead it. Each seam must be done by hand, just so. Come, let's get busy."

Susan spread the skin on the dining-room table and cut the leather with a razor blade. She showed Sharry and Marie how every stitch must be done exactly right so they would hold. It was a tedious job, but the girls were happy doing it.

EVERYONE was up at six o'clock on the morning of the reception, to meet McFarland's plane. He had radioed that they would arrive about seven o'clock.

Marie drove sled, and even Herman, bundled up in a big fur parka, went to the airstrip to meet them. Many of the villagers were there, although no one knew who had told

them what time the plane would arrive.

McFarland, his face beaming happiness, walked down the stair-lift first, then reached for Jewel, who was so rosy beautiful she seemed to light up the turquoise darkness.

A little Eskimo boy, not over six years old, pushed his way through the crowd with a white husky puppy for Jewel. She accepted it smilingly, her hand resting a moment on its head.

EXCITEMENT was in the air. Everyone laughed and talked until McFarland finally persuaded the villagers to go home until time for the wedding reception.

Jewel stood in front of the fireplace cuddling the puppy, but her eyes were troubled.

"It's his special prize puppy," she protested to McFarland. "He told me so. How can I take a little boy's puppy away from him? I must give it back to Joey."

McFarland's eyes sobered as he looked down at her.

"No," he said, "you shouldn't give it back to him. Don't you realize it made him feel like a king to give it to you? We can pay him back in a dozen ways, Jewel, but I wouldn't let you refuse that gift for an ocean full of salmon!"

"McFarland is right, Jewel," Herman offered gently. "Who was the poet who said that the only things we ever keep are the things we give away? That's the way it will be with Joey. Every time he sees you with that puppy he'll get a happy feeling all over again."

Jewel was silent as she cuddled the white, furry puppy. Sharry, watching her, was lonely for little Nuzzle. She remembered how he had chosen her for his very own the first time he had seen her.

"What will you name him, Aunt Jewel?" she questioned.

Jewel shook her head. "I'll have to think about it," she said.

"He's a bouncy little guy," McFarland said. "Look at that happy little face. He seems full of chuckles."

JEWEL'S face was a sunburst. "That's it!" she laughed. "We'll name him Chuckles. That just suits him, the cute little thing."

"The cute little thing needs a bath," Susan said in her practical way. "There will be enough hot water for him after we have all had our showers and shampooed our hair. This is a big day — we must get busy before anyone comes. Time goes so fast."

Buckets of snow had been melted the night before for baths and shampoos. Susan dropped some blackberry juice into the rinse water for her hair.

"Won't it be sticky?" Sharry questioned.

"I don't use that much," Susan answered. "I've kept my hair black this way."

"I wish I had some magic that would cure my freckles," Marie pouted.

"We love your freckles," Jewel said. "They are little dabs of pure gold. You wouldn't be you without them."

McFarland brought out a white shirt and tie for Sam to wear. "I only use these when I'm in the city," he said. "But the girls have made this a big show so we'll ride along, too. I heard that all the villagers

are wearing bright woolen scarfs. Seems that Susan has been around."

After the showers and the shampoos, Susan scrubbed little Chuckles until he was a white furry ball.

Then McFarland looked at his wrist watch.

"Well, Sam, we'll just have time to dress and eat a bite before we meet the plane bringing some special guests."

Sam stood up and put the book he had been reading on the table. He stretched his arms above his head lazily.

"I've had a good rest up here," he said. "It's been a real vacation for us. I'm sorry we have to take the regular plane home during the reception. But I'm due back at school tomorrow!"

"So am I!" Marie said suddenly. "But I'm not going. I want to help Mama Sue get ready for Swen!"

Jewel's eyes were startled. She had thought that Marie would be with Sharry in Fairbanks. Sharry did not want Jewel to worry about her. Nothing must shadow her happiness today.

McFarland, standing with his back to the fireplace, looked at Marie quizzically. Sharry wondered if he knew why she was really staying longer. His heavy brows puckered together, thoughtfully. He didn't want Marie to be hurt. And yet, he believed in going after what you wanted in life.

"What time does your plane leave, Sharry?" Jewel asked. Her voice was strained.

"Seven o'clock," she answered. "Sam says we'll make good connections in Anchorage. We'll be home by midnight."

"We should be getting ready," Marie said. "I'll go home with Susan and dress there."

After Sam and McFarland left, Sharry followed Jewel into the bedroom.

"It won't take us long," she said. "First I'll comb your hair and you can comb mine. Aren't those white mukluks Susan made for you too cute for words!"

Sharry could see the snow-packed roadway from the bedroom window as she stood at the dressing table combing Jewel's hair into wavy swirls around her head.

"Your veil will fit perfectly with your hair this way," she said.

At that moment she caught sight of the dog-sled coming up the snowy road. Sam was on the back rudders driving. His head was tipped back, and he was laughing as though it was great sport. She had not known Sam could drive sled. He must have learned while he was out alone when the girls were busy sewing.

"Who are those three men?" Jewel asked.

"One of them is Bishop Harrison," Sharry answered. She didn't mention a big square box McFarland carried in his arms. She was so curious to know what was inside she could hardly wait until the reception, only a half-hour away.

EVERYONE was ready by twelve o'clock. Even little Chuckles.

Marie and Susan came into the bedroom as Sharry adjusted Jewel's veil on her shining hair.

"Beautiful!" Marie said. "The prettiest bride in the Arctic. And look at us! Won't Daddy be proud. He's waiting, Jewel. You'll love to meet Bishop Harrison. I like his

voice. It melts through you like warm honey."

"Oh, you!" Susan laughed. "Marie says everything in a fancy way. Bishop Harrison is a fine, sincere man."

"Listen!" Marie tipped her head. "Hear that music! That's a surprise for you, Jewel."

THE music rose soft and sweet like a birdcall. Jewel wet her lips and a little pulse throbbed in her throat. Sharry hoped she wouldn't cry.

"My Dad had those musicians come from Anchorage. One plays a violin and the other a viola. Aren't they perfect together? He wanted the very sweetest for you."

"He thinks — of everything," Jewel murmured in a low voice.

"There!" Sharry said as she smoothed a little wave under Jewel's veil. "Perfect."

"Like a white angel," Susan said softly.

"Come on, angel," Marie called, opening the door. "They're playing the bride song!"

Sam was at the door. Jewel put her hand on his arm and they walked together to the fireplace where McFarland was waiting. Sharry had never seen him dressed in a white shirt and black tie before. He looked very handsome. He handed Jewel a huge, tissue-wrapped package. There was a breathless silence as she untied the ribbon and removed the paper from an exquisite cluster of the most beautiful orchids Sharry had ever seen — white, pink, and gold. Orchids for Aunt Jewel!

Sharry bent her head. A little sob broke in her throat, as she remembered what Rachel Jensen had told her about the kind of woman who can find orchids in the snow. Dear, capable, wonderful Aunt Jewel was that kind of woman. She had earned those orchids — she was worthy of every one of them, and McFarland knew it. Love and appreciation were glowing in his dark eyes as he looked at her, they were in his deep voice as he greeted the guests and introduced them to Jewel.

Sharry turned her head to meet Sam's searching eyes. He must be remembering their own wedding last June, she thought. Her heart reached out to him, loving him, wanting to help him. Sam smiled, but his eyes were strangely troubled as they clung to hers.

After the bride song, the music was gay and informal. A young native boy appeared with a mouth-organ and McFarland had him play it.

"This is the kind of wedding where bridesmaids do double duty," Marie told her, laughing. "Now we're the serving maids. Look at the food coming in!"

Villagers appeared with great round platters loaded with hot bread and salmon cooked every way imaginable. Susan had brought a large roast of reindeer and a steaming kettle of beans. Hot ginger punch was served from a tin bowl as big as a tub.

"Plenty of tin in Alaska," Sam whispered to Sharry. "Looks as if they used a good share of it for that bowl!"

Everyone talked and ate and stayed on and on. They had expected a party and they meant to enjoy it.

McFarland basked in their approval. This was his land, these were his people, and he wanted them to be happy.

It was soon time for Sharry to change her clothes for the trip home. Marie went to the bedroom with her. They were both silent as Sharry dressed in her long, woolen trousers and heavy sweater.

"I'll miss you, Marie," she said.

"Don't say goodbye," Marie answered. "We'll see each other often, no matter what the distance is. Long rides don't mean a thing in Alaska. We don't let storm or darkness or anything else keep us from going where we want to go. We take everything in a big stride."

"I know," Sharry said. "I'm beginning to realize that. I have learned a lot, Marie."

Marie's eyes were blue candles in her freckled face.

"I think you're a real pal," she said. "You can stride along with the best of them. Now, we better get going. I'll drive you and Sam to the plane."

They slipped out the back way as they didn't want to interrupt the festivities or say goodbye. Music and laughter followed them down the hill and along the trail to the airfield. Marie was a good driver. The dogs obeyed her calls. But she drove faster than McFarland or Sam had done, and Sharry had to cover her face against the icy sleet.

"Whew!" Sam said when they stopped.

"You know the dogs, Marie. That was some driving!"

"Guess I'm excited," she said. "I didn't mean to go so fast."

Sharry put her arm around her. "Take it easy," she coaxed. "I hope everything works out the way you want it to, Marie."

"So do I," Sam added, sincerely.

"I have to stay," she confided, her voice tightening. "Once he said he would wait until I grew up. I'm grown up now — I hope. I'm twenty-one."

Sam patted her shoulder. "You're one of the most grown-up little girls I've ever known. Good luck, Marie."

She turned the dogs quickly and hurried away. They could hear her voice calling to the dogs as she disappeared in the frosty twilight.

Sharry and Sam boarded the plane in a strained silence. They were the only passengers.

"We have it all to ourselves," Sam said, looking around at the empty seats.

Sharry forced a smile. She was determined to be happy and make Sam happy.

"I like it this way," she said. "You and I alone for a change. There's been so much excitement we've hardly seen each other."

Exactly on time the plane taxied down the field, lifted easily and sailed off into the blue darkness.

SAM tucked a warm blanket around Sharry. His lips were smiling, but his chin had squared off determinedly. She knew he had made up his mind about something. She waited for him to speak.

He leaned back in the seat beside her. "I've been thinking," he said at last. "You'll miss Jewel and Marie. Fairbanks will be mighty lonely for you without them. How would you like to fly home to Salt Lake City for a good visit?"

The words tumbled out in a

breathless rush as though he had to get them over with.

Sharry closed her eyes. Her heart was a dull ache inside of her. So this was what he had planned. He wanted her to go home to her mother!

"If you want to stay there," he went on, "I'll come to you in the spring before it's time for our baby — I'll get a job there. . . ."

Silence was a heartthrob between them. Sharry couldn't breathe. Sam thought she was the kind of woman who couldn't live in Alaska. He was willing to give up everything he had worked for to take her home again!

With a little sob she put her arms around him and pressed her head against his breast.

"Oh, darling!" she whispered. "Home is wherever you are and always will be. Home is where we've worked together, where we've built together. Right here in Alaska. I wouldn't think of going away!"

His arms went around her fiercely.

"Do you really mean it?" he whispered back.

"Oh, I do, Sam. I really do," she repeated with a song in her voice. "Let's buy the Gilmore house. Aunt Jewel says she'll lend us the money. We can have all the folks to our house for a visit. We'll have such nice neighbors, Rachel and Oscar and Mary Billings. And we'll build a new doghouse for Nuzzle!"

Sam's arms tightened around her. A long sigh of relief went through him as he bent his head against hers.

"My wife," he said, softly.

"I want our baby to be born right here in Alaska," Sharry went on gaily. "After all, this is the United States, Mr. Wynter. If it's a boy, he could be President."

Sam tossed his head back, laughing in his old, carefree way. Dreams were in his eyes again.

"You're right, Mrs. Wynter," he said. "He could be President. A red-headed Alaskan for President!"

What Would I Do?

Bertha A. Kleinman

If years could turn back for me, many or few,
Granting me grace of a decade or two,
Memories and heartache again to live through,
Mine for the asking—oh, what would I do?

What from the yesterdays would I retrieve—
Time I have squandered while others achieve,
Favors witheld that were meant to bequeath—
What would I do with a granted reprieve?

Loved ones who trusted me, neighbor and friend—
Slighted and hurt in the day's busy trend—
Had I the bounty to spare and expend—
How would they answer to such an amend?

Time knows no back-step, and years do not bide,
Yesterday drowns on the outgoing tide,
Only today is my own to deride
Or challenge the morrow repentant and tried.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 30—The Past, Present, and Future

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: The Doctrine and Covenants: Section 45:1-42)

For Tuesday, March 7, 1961

Objective: To learn some reasons why obedience to the Lord's will is necessary, and of the need of being aware of the signs in preparation for the Lord's second coming.

The Prophet and His People

The title of this lesson suggests the functions of a prophet of God. Although there are many responsibilities belonging to a prophet in furthering the kingdom of God upon the earth, one of the principal functions is to receive revelation for the guidance of the Church. The revelation thus received may refer to the past, as an example, or illustration for present and future obedience on the part of the saints, or to clarify the scriptures previously given.

A prophet thus uses the revelations of other prophets in his understanding of the purposes of the Lord. Another purpose of the revelations received by a living prophet is to give admonitions, warnings, and advice to the people of his own generation. In other words, by the spirit of prophecy, a prophet is empowered to interpret present-day conditions for the people. He enjoys the privilege of foreseeing future events, as the Lord wills it, that the saints may be adequately warned against calamities of the future. The Lord's Preface to The Doctrine and Covenants definitely states that the revelations in that book of scripture are to constitute a voice of warning. The Prophet Joseph Smith was called by the Lord, among other reasons, for the purpose of receiving revelations because of the judgments to come in the latter days. (See D & C, Section 1.)

Historical Background

At the time Section 45 was received by Joseph Smith, many efforts were made by the adversary to destroy the effectiveness of the Church.

> At this age of the Church [i e., early in the spring of 1831] many false reports, lies, and foolish stories, were published in the newspapers, and circulated in every direction, to prevent people from investi-

gating the work, or embracing the faith. A great earthquake in China, which destroyed from one to two thousand inhabitants, was burlesqued in some papers, as "Mormonism in China." But to the joy of the Saints who had to struggle against every thing that prejudice and wickedness could invent, I received the following: [D & C Section 45] (*D. H. C.* I:158).

Obedience—Why?

Not all of the Lord's instructions nor the reasons for his giving commandments are given in one revelation. In Section 45, however, several reasons are mentioned for strict obedience to his will. The revelation begins with the fact stated, as one of these reasons, that the kingdom of God has been given to his people (D & C 45:1). Possession of the kingdom by the saints is the same as the attainment of salvation upon their part, but this blessing is only for those who are obedient. Because salvation is the greatest blessing obtainable to a child of God, the necessity for full obedience is apparent.

Why should one be obedient? Jesus Christ is the Creator of our earth, as well as of other worlds. He is supreme and by his power we are able to receive the benefits of an earth-life with its environment so ordered that we may live under a reign of law.

Is there anyone who is assured that he will be alive on the morrow? Death comes to all men, but when? In the words of the Savior ". . . hearken unto my voice, lest death shall overtake you; in an hour when ye think not the summer shall be past, and the harvest ended, and your souls not saved" (D & C 45:2). Now is the day for repentance.

If man fully understood the sufferings of Christ (who is our Advocate with the Father), as he made the atonement for us, man would be fully determined to obey all of the Lord's commands. So intense was the suffering of Christ that he sweat drops of blood from his pores. (See D & C 19:15-17.) It is only through Jesus Christ that man may receive individual salvation; consequently, he reminds the saints of latter days that his prayer to the Father is in behalf of them. (Read D & C 45:4-5.)

As Christ was obedient in glorifying the Father, so, also, may we glorify the Father and the Son by our receiving through obedience the greatest blessing of eternal life. Everything the Father and the Son do is for our blessing. One may well exclaim: "O how great the goodness of our God. . . . O how great the plan of our God . . ." (2 Nephi 9:10, 13). Therefore, hearken ". . . today, and harden not your hearts" (D & C 45:6). He who hardens his heart by disobedience is in darkness. "The Lord Is My Light" sing his people, for Jesus is ". . . the light and the life of the world — a light that shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not" (D & C 45:7).

There follows in this revelation another reminder for the necessity of obedience — the Jewish people as a nation anciently did not receive their Messiah who was one of their own. This example from the past poses the thought:

> . . . Let it not be said a second time, that Christ has come to "His own," even to His Church in this dispensation, but "His own" refused to hearken to Him (*Doctrine and Covenants Commentary*, page 254).

Obedience, a Challenge

In verses eleven through fourteen of Section 45, there is recounted an event of the past which the Lord says could be duplicated in this dispensation by the full obedience of his people.

Among the points which are brought to the reader's attention by these verses, we may think (1) verification from the Lord in this modern revelation of the historical fact that Enoch was an actual person mentioned in the Bible (Genesis 5:24); (2) the actual separation of the city of Enoch and its inhabitants from the earth; (3) the promise that the city of Enoch will return to the earth in a day of righteousness, the millennium. (In reference to Enoch's dispensation and the great events made known to him by revelation, consult Moses, chapter 7.)

The challenge to the saints of God today is so to live that, if alive on the earth when the millennium begins, they will as inhabitants of Zion, the New Jerusalem, be prepared to meet the people of Enoch's city when it returns to the earth. (See Moses 7:62-65.) The Lord also promises that all those in the past who considered themselves to be "strangers," but were holy in their lives, seeking for a day of righteousness, might see that day "in their flesh," as resurrected beings to join with the saints of this dispensation. (Cf. Moses 7:62-65.) Will you be numbered among those Latter-day Saints who have lived faithfully to warrant such a blessing, whether you are in mortality at the time or whether you have passed away?

Purposes of the Everlasting Covenant

In speaking of the past and the reason for obedience to the fulness of the gospel, the Savior makes known the opportunity for people to become the sons of God and to receive power to obtain eternal life. (See D & C 45:8.) For this purpose the everlasting covenant has been established on the earth with all of its powers and glories. (See D & C 133:57.) This covenant is the fulness of the gospel of Jesus Christ. (See D & C 66:2.)

The Lord informs us, however, of other purposes, in fact, that there are three other reasons for which he has sent the gospel into the world. These are: (1) "to be a light to the world" that is, to show the world the way to live; (2) "to be a standard for my people, and for the Gentiles to seek to it" — the gospel will always be the means of salvation to those who accept it, and it will be as an ensign to the nations through the lives of the saints (see D & C 115:5; Isaiah 49:22; 62:10); and (3) "to be a messenger" in preparing the way before the second coming of Christ. (See D & C 45:9.)

All of these purposes are important. When one thinks of the mission given to the saints in publishing the glad tidings of eternal life through the gospel, and that all may participate in it to some extent, an enthusiasm for magnifying one's calling should be greatly heightened.

"I Will Reason With You"

In addition to showing forth strong reasons to those who came unto him (see D & C 45:10),

the Lord says he will prophesy as he gave forth prophecy to men in days of old. (See D & C 45:15.) But of what shall he prophesy? Of those things which are in the minds of the saints today and were in the meridian dispensation. His disciples during the Redeemer's earthly mission asked him what would be the signs of his coming in the clouds of heaven? In verses 16 and 17 from Section 45, notice that the Lord uses language in the present tense as though he were speaking directly to his disciples of old. (See also *Doctrine and Covenants Commentary*, page 259.)

Continuing his prophecy of events of the meridian dispensation, Jesus foretold to his disciples the destruction of the temple (Cf. Mt. 24:1-2; Luke 21:23-24. Read D & C 45:18-20.)

How literally was this prophecy fulfilled? A summary of the siege and destruction of the temple and the city of Jerusalem, including the scattering of the Jews, is given in the account of Josephus: *The Wars of the Jews*, VI. (Read *Doctrine and Covenants Commentary*, pp. 261-262.)

As one continues reading Section 45, it is discovered that what the Lord declares therein is fulfilled in the description of the desolation given by Josephus, which came upon the Jews of the meridian dispensation:

> And it shall come to pass, that this generation of Jews shall not pass away until every desolation which I have told you concerning them shall come to pass (D & C 45:21).

Following this prophecy, Jesus said to his disciples, according to this revelation, that they said they knew "that the end of the world cometh," meaning the destruction of the world (Pearl of Great Price, Joseph Smith 1:4, 31) which would be at his second coming, and later on the purification of the earth. Then the assurance was given (in D & C 45:23-24) that their knowledge of these things was true, and all of the prophecies would be fulfilled.

As indicated, the material of this revelation, through verse 24, pertains to the generation or dispensation of the meridian of time, but later verses in this lesson (D & C 45:25-42) describe events of the generation in which we live, the dispensation of the fulness of times.

Dispensation of the Fulness of Times

Even as the Jews were scattered with the destruction of Jerusalem, so their descendants were to be gathered in the last days. But when would those days come? Only after the long period of apostasy from the Church established by the Christ, and then the Church restored to the earth in the last dispensation of the gospel. This restoration is described in D & C 45:28.

Signs of the Times

As foreknown by the prophets, the restoration of the gospel would bring many great changes on the earth. In this revelation the Lord points out:

> . . . in that day shall be heard of wars and rumors of wars, and the whole earth shall be in commotion, and men's hearts shall fail them, and they shall say that Christ delayeth his coming until the end of the earth (D & C 45:26).

Needless to state, since the return of the gospel and the Church upon the earth, wars and rumors of wars have increased upon the earth.

"Christ delayeth his coming" is another sign of this period, for men teach that Christ will not come until the end of the earth. (Read the *Doctrine and Covenants Commentary*, page 262).

As this revelation unfolds the future for the disciples of old (and now for us of this generation), several signs are given in rapid succession.

"And the love of men shall wax cold, and iniquity shall abound" (D & C 45:27). As interpreted by the *Doctrine and Covenants Commentary*, page 262, this means that because of lawlessness, the majority of men will not have genuine Christian love, which is true, unselfish, and constant.

When one thinks of present conditions in reference to the latter part of this verse — that iniquity or wickedness shall abound — there immediately comes to mind the extent of crime and evil practices that are present throughout the world.

Regardless of what may be said to the effect that lawlessness has always been present, the presence of organized and unorganized evil in the world in the form of sex immorality, dishonest practices in business, disrespect for human beings and life itself, are widespread today and thus they constitute one of the signs of the last days.

The coldness of men's hearts to the fulness of the gospel is another sign. With the restoration of the gospel to the earth through the Prophet Joseph Smith, the Lord said that the world will ". . . receive it not; for they perceive not the light, and they turn their hearts from me because of the precepts of men" (D & C 45:29). Although the number of converts to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is presently increasing in the world, yet, over the time of this dispensation, the number of members of the true Church is very few compared with the population of the world. As predicted, the people of the world will reject the gospel message and thus bring upon themselves the judgment prophesied. As people reject the Lord's plan of salvation and wickedness continues to abound, the time will come when our dispensation ". . . shall see an overflowing scourge; for a desolating sickness shall cover the land (D & C 45:31). Other prophecies in the modern revelations reveal, in part, the nature and the extent of such plagues. (See D & C 29:18-19.)

Amid the difficulties of the times when the foregoing events occur, the Lord makes known that his ". . . disciples shall stand in holy places, and shall not be moved; but among the wicked, men shall lift up their voices and curse God and die" (D & C 45:32). The disciple is one who is a true follower, and as far as this revelation is concerned, is that individual who has accepted Jesus Christ and has thus become a member of his Church. These disciples will stand in the places appointed by revelation as gathering places. (See D & C 101:16-21.)

Other signs indicating the nearness of the Lord's coming are desolations of various kinds. Amid conditions such as floods, dust storms, hurricanes, and other commotions,

in which the elements give testimony of the rejection of the Lord's servants, men will continue to harden their hearts and will kill one another and curse God and die.

When disciples of old indicated concern about these various signs, assurance was given that ". . . when all these things shall come to pass, ye may know that the promises which have been made unto you shall be fulfilled" (D & C 45:35). By reference to the fig tree shooting forth its leaves as a sign of summer being at hand, so also these various events (see D & C 45:16-33) constitute signs by which the believer will "know that the hour is nigh" (D & C 45:38). What is the hour spoken of? It is the period when the times of the Gentiles shall be fulfilled.

"Times of the Gentiles Shall Be Fulfilled"

By vision, Nephi was permitted to see the time when Jesus would manifest himself to the Jews first, and then the Gentiles would have the opportunity to accept the fulness of the gospel. Later, however, the Gentiles would have this privilege first and the Jews last. (See I Nephi 13:42.) Thus the first should be last and the last should be first. (Cf. Luke 13:28-30.) As we have seen in this lesson, the "times of the Gentiles" are ushered in with the restoration of the gospel in its fulness. (See D & C 45:28-29.) Moroni told Joseph Smith that this time "was soon to come in" (Pearl of Great Price, Joseph Smith 2:41). Later in the dispensation of the fulness of times, when Jerusalem is no longer trodden down by the Gentiles, it is to be a sign that the times of the Gentiles are fulfilled (D & C 45:25, 30; Luke 21:24). This sign is to indicate the beginning of the period of transition when the Jews are to receive their opportunity to have the gospel taught to them.

Purpose of the Signs of the Times and a Prophet's Answer

President Joseph F. Smith, sixth President of the Church, had this to say concerning the purposes of these signs of the times:

> There are, in the great world of mankind, much social and civil unrighteousness, religious unfaithfulness, and great insensibility to the majesty, power, and purpose of our eternal Father and God. In order, therefore, that he may bring the sense of himself and his purposes home to the minds of men, his intervention and interposition in nature and in men's affairs, are demanded. His aims will be accomplished even if men must be overwhelmed with the convulsions of nature to bring them to an understanding and realization of his designs. As long as conditions remain as they are in the world, none is exempt from these visitations.
>
> The Latter-day Saints, though they themselves tremble because of their own wickedness and sins, believe that great judgments are coming upon the world because of iniquity; they firmly believe in the statements of the Holy Scriptures, that calamities will befall the nations as signs of the coming of Christ to judgment. They believe that God rules in the fire, the earthquake, the tidal wave, the volcanic eruption, and the storm. Him they recognize as the Master and Ruler of nature and her laws, and freely acknowledge his hand in all things. We believe that his judgments are poured out to bring mankind to a sense of his power and his purposes, that they may repent of their sins and prepare themselves for the second coming of Christ to reign in righteousness upon the earth (*Gospel Doctrine*, Ninth Edition, pp. 54-55).

Questions for Discussion

1. What are the functions of a prophet?
2. Why should a Latter-day Saint be obedient to the Lord's will?
3. Why would you think the challenge to be obedient in this dispensation is as great as in other dispensations of the gospel?
4. What are some of the "signs of the times" that are found in this lesson? Give some evidence of the fulfillment of some of these signs.
5. As stated by President Smith, what do the Latter-day Saints believe about the judgments of the last days?

Visiting Teacher Messages—

Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Message 30—". . . Ye Must Grow in Grace and in the Knowledge of the Truth" (D & C 50:40)

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, March 7, 1961

Objective: The gospel is a plan of salvation through progress. Only by growth in grace and truth can we move toward eternal life.

MANY of us have been impressed with the fact that returned missionaries, in their homecoming talks, invariably state their convictions that the period spent in their missionary labors was the happiest in their lives. Undoubtedly, a significant reason for this sense of happiness is because, during the period of their missionary work, they have been engaged exclusively in helping others and in serving the Lord. Another important reason, however, is due to the fact that the period of a missionary's experience is usually a concentrated time of growth ". . . in grace and in the knowledge of the truth."

It is a fact, all too often not fully realized, that happiness and growth in knowledge of truth are closely interrelated. If we grow in useful knowledge, we develop our personalities and abilities and move forward toward the goal Jesus set for us when he said, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect" (Mt. 5:48). It is this type of progress which is the essence of genuine happiness and joy.

A divine example of the process of growth in grace and truth is that through which the Savior progressed. The scriptures tell us that, ". . . the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him" (Luke 2:40). When he was a boy of twelve his parents found him in the temple conversing with the wise men and astonishing them with his understanding and knowledge. All that the scriptures tell us about him from this time until the beginning of his ministry, at approximately thirty years of age, is that he ". . . increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man" (Luke 2:52).

Jesus himself having grown in grace and truth, has set the example for all of us. Through his own ex-

perience he knows the great potentialities for joy and satisfaction that lie within the reach of all of us, if we will make the effort to expand our knowledge of the truth, and he has given us the commandment that we ". . . must grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth."

In the same section of The Doctrine and Covenants, the Lord promises all of us that, if we will seek after light and continue in God, we will receive more light which will grow ". . . brighter and brighter until the perfect day." (See D & C 50:24.)

Growth in truth and knowledge seems based on the same principle as growth in physical strength and power. We all know that if we allow a muscle to remain idle, it soon becomes weak and useless. On the other hand, exercise builds and develops strength. It is an absolute truism that the more knowledge of truth we acquire the greater will be our capacity to grasp more and greater truth. Furthermore, it is a significant fact that the acquisition of one truth opens the door to others.

Growth in truth and knowledge is a flowering process. As we travel up the road of knowledge, countless new paths open up to our vision, making our journey more and more interesting, beautiful, and challenging. James Russell Lowell wrote, "They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth" (*The Present Crisis*).

Jesus said, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled" (Mt. 5:6). He also urged us over and over again to seek after knowledge, promising that, if we did so, doors would be opened unto us and we would be blessed with understanding and wisdom.

Regardless of how much we may think we know about truth really, our cup is never full. We must never stop learning if we would stay young and virile in mind and spirit. We must seek constantly to grow. If we do so, the Lord has promised that he will feed us from his everflowing fountain of truth.

New Serial "Love Is Enough" to Begin in January

A NEW serial, "Love Is Enough," by Mabel S. Harmer, will begin in the January issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. The story vividly portrays the joys and problems of Geniel Whitworth, a schoolteacher in Blayney, Idaho, who finds her ideals and ambitions changed by new friends, and new situations which alter the course of her life.

Work Meeting— Caring for the Sick in the Home

(A Course Expected to Be Used by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 6 — Elimination of Body Wastes

Maria Johnson

For Tuesday, March 14, 1961

Objective:

1. To help us recognize the importance of the elimination of body wastes.
2. To make us alert to our responsibility in meeting the sick person's need for the elimination of body wastes.

OUR body must not only have food to nourish it, but it must get rid of waste products which the body cannot use. Elimination is a natural and important function of the body. In health, each individual attends to such needs for herself; in sickness she may need help. The bedpan, urinal, or enema may become a necessary part of the care. Whenever such care is needed by the patient, it is given by the one caring for the sick without comment or embarrassment. She accepts this responsibility in the same spirit that a mother meets the needs of her baby.

A. *Giving and Removing a Bedpan*

Equipment:

Bedpan
Bedpan cover
Protective sheet or pad
Basin of warm water
Soap, towel, and washcloth
Toilet paper.

Important Steps	Key Points
1. Turn back bedclothing at side.	Do not expose patient.
2. Place protective pad under hips.	This may be newspapers or a small waterproof sheet.
3. Put bedpan beside patient.	Closed end toward head of bed. Pad may be placed over closed end if patient is thin, as skin over spine is easily irritated.
4. Have patient draw up her knees. Put one hand under her hips. As patient lifts up, slip bedpan under her with your other hand. Adjust it, replace cover or If patient is very large or cannot raise her hips, it may be easier to have her turn on her side and then place the pan tightly against the buttocks as she rolls back on the pan.	With bent knees the patient can lift with you. Be sure the pan is in the proper position. Upper end of pan should support the buttocks. When possible have two people, one to hold the pan and one to roll the patient.
5. Put toilet paper where patient can reach it.	Unless patient is very ill or weak leave her alone. She will be more relaxed.
6. To remove pan, place hand under hips and have patient bend knees and lift.	Be sure patient is clean and dry.

7. If patient is unable to clean herself, you do it for her.

Always wipe toward the patient's back to avoid carrying soiled material to the vagina or bladder opening — feces always contain bacteria.

8. Place basin, soap, and towel where patient can wash her hands.
9. Observe contents before emptying pan. Save for doctor to see, if there is anything unusual.

After urinating, measure urine if doctor wants record of amount.

To Clean a Bedpan:

Rinse first with cold water. Use toilet paper to remove particles that stick to the pan, wash in hot, soapy water, rinse, and dry.

B. *Use of the Commode*

Many patients use the bedpan with difficulty. It can be uncomfortable and the position unsatisfactory for good elimination. Today, most patients, not acutely ill, are permitted to use the commode if they cannot go to the bathroom. A commode can be rented, bought, or one improvised at home. Put an oval opening in the wooden seat of a chair or remove a cane seat. Cut an appropriate-sized hole in a ¼-inch plywood board, sand well, and attach it to chair, or use regular toilet seat and lid over the opening. Place a pail on the floor under the opening. A stool under the pail will bring the pail up close to the opening. The pail should be cleaned after each use as a bedpan. If the commode is to be kept in the sick room, cover the seat and make a skirt of interesting material to go around the chair.

C. *Intake and Output*

By the expression "intake and output" we mean the fluid taken into the body and the urine passed during a given period of time.

The balance between the fluid we take in and the amount we give off is important in the normal functioning of the body. The body can get along without food for some time, but it must have fluid. If the patient is drinking very little fluid, or more than usual, the doctor may ask you to measure the amount of fluid the patient drinks and the urine she passes. Keep a record of the time and amount, so the doctor will know.

An improvised measure can be made by putting a strip of adhesive tape lengthwise on a quart bottle. Then pour water into the bottle, one ounce at a time, and mark the tape.

ENEMAS

Enemas are of two general types, those to be expelled, such as the cleansing enema, and those to be retained, such as the oil or medicated enema.

Giving an enema means introducing fluid into the rectum and colon. The cleansing enema is given to soften the feces and stimulate the bowel to empty. The solutions most commonly used are a mild soap solution, plain water, or a saline solution which is made by adding one teaspoonful of salt to one pint of water. For the soap solution use only a mild white soap and in a weak solution. A strong soap or heavy solution is irritating to the colon. The best way to make a soap jelly is to cut small pieces of soap, add a little water, and heat until the soap dissolves. Use about a teaspoonful of the jelly to a pint of warm water. A solution can also be made by agitating the soap in the water until it has a milky appearance. In this case all bubbles and foam must be removed before the solution is used. Disposable enema packets are now available and are being used

extensively in hospitals. They come complete. No added equipment is needed. They are effective and are simple to use. The directions for using these come with each packet.

To Give a Cleansing Enema

You will need a basin or tray on which to carry the equipment to the bedside.

Equipment Needed:

1. A rubber enema bag, an irrigating can or a funnel, and pitcher.
2. The solution to be used — 1 pint to 1 quart for an adult, 1 cup to 1 pint for a child.
3. Rubber tubing, 18 to 25 inches long to attach to the can or funnel.
4. A rubber catheter or rectal tube. These come in various sizes. For an adult use a catheter or rectal tube size 18-24. For a child use a catheter size 14-18. For an infant use a catheter size 10-14.
5. A glass connecting tube to attach the catheter to the tubing and a clamp to control the flow of the solution.
6. A lubricant on a piece of toilet paper. Never take the container of lubricant to the bedside.
7. Toilet paper, newspapers to protect the bed, and also one to put the rectal tube in when it is removed.
8. Bedpan and bath blanket.

Procedure:

1. Assemble all equipment and bring to bedside. The solution should be warm, not hot.
2. For best results have patient turn on left side. If she is not comfortable on her side, she may be on her back.
3. Put bath blanket over the patient and bring the covers to the foot of bed. This will keep odors from penetrating the covers.
4. Place the newspaper under the patient to protect the bed, and put the bedpan on the bed by the buttocks.
5. Lubricate the catheter with the lubricant on the toilet paper.
6. Open the clamp and let a little of the solution run through the tubing into the bedpan. Close the clamp.
7. Lift the upper buttock and insert the rectal tube into anus. Explain to the patient what you are doing. Insert gently for 4 inches if an adult — 3 inches if a child.
8. Open the clamp and hold the can or funnel not more than 18 inches above the mattress. A standard is not needed. We have learned that holding the can high results in too much pressure.
9. If the patient feels she cannot retain the solution, stop the flow momentarily by pinching the tubing, then resume the flow gradually.
10. Close the clamp while the tube is still filled with solution. This prevents introducing air into the bowel.
11. Remove the rectal tube, detach and wrap in the newspaper so as not to contaminate or soil other equipment.
12. Put the patient on the bedpan. Best results come when the solution is retained five or ten minutes. The urge to expel the solution can often be controlled by pressing a few sheets of toilet paper against the anus.
13. Clean all equipment with soap and water. The rectal tube should first be rinsed with cool water, then washed in soap and water, and then boiled for five minutes.
14. After the bedpan is removed, wash the patient's hands, make her comfortable, and air the room.

When Giving Enemas to Children:

The Infant:

Place the baby on a pillow with waterproof cover so that the buttocks are over the bedpan. The fluid must be given in small amounts because the infant will expel it almost as soon as it is introduced. Placing the child on the lap, over a rubber sheet with the buttocks by the open toilet, is helpful procedure in the home.

The Toddler:

Toddlers must be placed on the bedpan at the beginning of the treatment as they are unable to retain the fluid any length of time.

The Older Child:

Same as adult.

For the child who is not ill, some mothers like to place a pad on the bathroom floor by the toilet and let the child get down on all fours. This position makes it easy to insert the catheter and most children will co-operate.

The Retention Enema:

The retention enema differs from the cleansing enema in that it is to be retained. It is given very slowly and in very small amounts, sometimes not more than two or three ounces. The solution is retained or absorbed better if a cleansing enema is given about one hour before the retention enema so the intestinal track will be cleared.

The equipment needed for a retention enema consists chiefly of a catheter, funnel, and small length of rubber tubing.

Since there may be some seepage, it is well to keep a pad under the patient to protect the bed.

Literature—America's Literature Comes of Age

Lesson 22 — Ralph Waldo Emerson, American Idealist

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *America's Literature*, by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes, Dryden Press, New York, pp. 250-303)

For Tuesday, March 21, 1961

Objective: To recognize Emerson as the nucleus of American literature during its classic period preceding the Civil War.

EACH age re-defines truth in its own terms. Looking back, we may be tempted to evaluate a man by his deficiencies revealed through time; likewise it is easy to belittle any person of the past to the degree he differed from what we believe now. Neither attitude yields eminent truth or justice.

Thus many moderns find it fashionable to ignore or to depreciate Emerson. Their complaints are various: his essays are vague, repetitious, incoherent, inconsistent, shallowly optimistic; his poems are tone-deaf, roughshod, elliptical, obscure. But their most cutting charge against him is that he ignores at least two subjects ever-present in great literatures of the past and central in modern authors; namely, sex and evil.

While in each of these charges lies some substantial truth, it is not the whole truth. Emerson is commended to us for three reasons: first, probably more than any other one person he shaped and spoke for the age now known as the American Renaissance; second, in addition to enjoying during his own lifetime the friendship and esteem of all American writers, plus Wordsworth, Coleridge, Carlyle, Tennyson, Arnold, and Goethe abroad, he has been acknowledged as a dominant formative influence on more recent Americans: Emily Dickinson, William James, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Frank Lloyd Wright, Edwin Arlington Robinson, and Robert Frost; finally, both as essayist and poet he possesses sufficient intrinsic worth to commend him to every lover of literature, even if his name, time, and place were unknown.

Recalling that honest praise and love can never be forced, let us consider words by those who have esteemed Emerson's power and stature. Matthew Arnold who maintained that Emerson's essays had never been surpassed in English, spoke of him as "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit." John Jay Chapman believed that "it is solely as character that he is important. We must regard and deal with him simply as a man." The historian James Truslow Adams, who somewhat distrusted him, nevertheless wrote that "in no other author can we get so close to the whole of the American spirit." In his "Partial Portraits" the novelist Henry James wrote:

> Emerson had a genius for seeing character as a real and supreme thing. He serves and will not wear out; indeed, we cannot afford to drop him. He did something better than anyone else; he had a particular faculty, which has not been surpassed, for speaking to the soul in a voice of direction and authority.

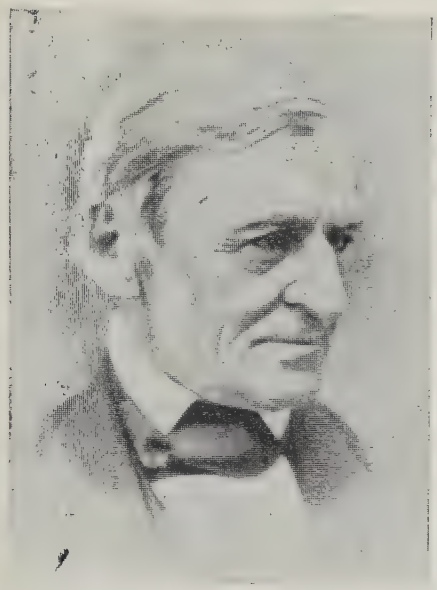
Personal-National Destiny

Aside from being contemporaries, the struggling young America and the adolescent Emerson shared so many facts and values that it is difficult to separate one from the other. Both were heavily rooted in the Puritan past (Emerson being descended from seven generations of Protestant ministers). Both were acutely aware of their gross inadequacies, and even more sharply aware of their great destinies which must not slip by unfulfilled, regardless of the cost. While Emerson was a proud but mediocre student at Harvard College, sharing a winter coat with one of his three younger brothers, waiting on table, and running errands for the President to help lighten his widowed mother's financial burden, Emerson wrote in his *Journal* on October 25, 1822, aged nineteen:

> I find myself often idle, vagrant, stupid and hollow. This is somewhat appalling and, if I do not discipline myself with diligent care, I shall suffer severely from remorse and the sense of inferiority hereafter. All around me are industrious and will be great, I am indolent and shall be insignificant. Avert it, heaven! avert it, virtue! I need excitement.

Three months earlier, with transparent impersonality, he had defined himself as the potential prophet-poet of his country:

> I dedicate my book to the spirit of America. I dedicate it to that living soul, which doth exist somewhere beyond the fancy, to whom the Divinity hath assigned the care of this bright corner of



A Perry Picture

RALPH WALDO EMERSON
1803-1882

the universe. . . . With a spark of prophetic devotion, I hasten to hail the genius, who yet counts the tardy years of childhood, but who is increasingly unawares in the twilight, and swelling into strength, until the hour when he shall break the cloud, to shew his colossal youth, and cover the firmament with the shadow of his wings.

Exultant with the surge of first-youth — yet uncertain just how to control such power; outwardly unafraid while inwardly insecure; longing with teen-age passion to leave home and parental domination, Emerson fiercely determined never to submit again to domination by the parental pattern; but, slowly he discovered it to be the only pattern available. These vexing conflicts plagued both Emerson and the country whose destiny he felt to be his own.

Emerson's Life

Born May 25, 1803, one hundred years after Jonathan Edwards, to whom he was so heavily indebted, Emerson was left fatherless at eight, his father having been minister of Boston's prominent First Church, Unitarian. When years later he wrote in *Nature* of "debt, grinding debt, whose face the iron widow, the orphan, and the sons of genius fear and hate," he spoke from first-hand experience, as he did of everything else in his writings. But while his brothers Edward and Charles graduated first and second in their Harvard classes, Waldo was about average, and was appointed class poet only after six of his classmates had turned it down. After graduation he assisted his brother William in running a girls' finishing school held in his mother's home.

In 1826 he was accepted as a minister by the Middlesex Association, but his frequent failure of eyesight, rheumatic pains, and threat of tuberculosis forced him to go to Florida for a year. On his return, in 1829, he married beautiful seventeen-year-old Ellen Tucker after having been appointed minister of the Second Unitarian Church of Boston, but, early in 1832, she died of tuberculosis. For years afterward he walked to her grave every morning. His younger brother, Edward, "the admired, learned, eloquent, striving boy" had become insane in 1828, dying in 1834; two of his brothers were soon to die of tuberculosis.

Though the family religion of Unitarianism was theologically liberal, increasingly Emerson found its members to be proud, staid, genteel, and spiritually dead, leaving his

strong craving for religious fulfillment unsatisfied. In 1832, convinced that true religion "is not a form. It is a life," he resigned his ministry, protesting as excuse his lack of authority to adminster the sacrament — convinced that the Lord's supper was not intended by Christ to be a permanent sacrament. He sailed for Europe and in the next two years he "found himself," aided by the "pilot-minds" Coleridge, Goethe, and his lifelong friend, Carlyle.

Soon after his return he married Lydia Jackson, having previously purchased his grandfather's house in rural Concord and settled down to write his three great manifestoes: "Nature" in 1836, "The American Scholar" in 1837, and "The Divinity School Address" in 1838. In 1836 his dearest brother Charles died just before Emerson's son Waldo, the beatitude of his life, was born. Yet six years later this lovely lad died, a blow which scarred Emerson until his death, when he exclaimed, "Oh, that beautiful boy!"

For some ten years after his resignation from the ministry in 1832, Emerson was considered a failure both by the community and by many of his family. His wife's inheritance, however, of $1,200 a year was soon matched by his income from lyceum speeches which he gave throughout New England and the then West — Indiana, Iowa, and Michigan. He often traveled long distances by sled in sub-zero weather to captivate the isolated pioneers. His first series of "Essays" sold mildly in 1841, the second series more briskly after publication in 1844, followed by numerous other books and poems before the Civil War. When the war came he welcomed it, having been active in the cause of Abolition. He had said in 1856, "I think we must get rid of slavery, or we must get rid of freedom." In 1867 he formally ended his creative literary career with publication of his poem "Terminus"; but he continued to be honored as the leader of the Transcendentalists and was acknowledged the foremost literary personage of his day.

Suddenly his regal appearance changed, his memory failed him, and he was old. After his house burned, in 1872, he had to lean heavily on his daughter Ellen for guidance and counsel. Gifts of almost $20,000 came from friends for rebuilding the house. Ellen took him to Europe for his third trip where he was royally received by its great figures. Upon his return the entire village of Concord turned out to welcome him back to his restored home, where he continued entries in his journaal for four years, dying six years later, in 1882, aged seventy-eight.

The Rebel Emerson

Because Emerson was personally shy and reserved, kind, and soft-spoken, it is easy to recall him as a benign, venerated patriarch who wrote the beautiful poem, "The Rhodora," with its famous final lines,

Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made
for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The selfsame Power that brought me there
brought you.

This is authentic Emerson, indeed, but only one small phase of

him. In actuality a moral teacher more than anything else, he framed within his terse, sparkling sentences the memorable definitions of the American man and America's destiny which were implicit in the great documents of Jefferson and the Founding Fathers, but which had never before been immortalized in literary form. Ripening within himself during his European "wander-year" a new vision of who man really is, and believing that "Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind," Emerson devoted the mature power of his life to preaching to his countrymen his "one doctrine, namely, the infinitude of the private man."

It was in contrasting his "ideal man" with existing institutions in American education, religion, morality, government, and business, that the sparks began to fly which indicated to many bystanders in the 1830's and '40's that Emerson was reactionary. Yet in his explosive "Divinity School Address" in 1838, which caused him to be barred from Harvard campus for thirty years, he announced that "Wherever a man comes, there comes Revolution." Emerson *was that man*, and for some twenty years revolution reigned, making Concord the leading literary and moral force of the country rather than New York; and freeing his grateful countrymen to a new identity they had long felt in their bones but could not themselves express. The following sentences, taken from his writings, express some of Emerson's personal beliefs.

I. *Man Is Defined*

The purpose of life seems to be to acquaint a man with himself; the highest revelation is that God is in every man. —*Journal*

The foundations of man are not in matter, but in spirit. But the element of spirit is eternity. . . .

Nature is not fixed but fluid. Spirit alters, moulds, makes it. The immobility or bruteness of nature is the absence of spirit; to pure spirit it is fluid, it is volatile, it is obedient. Every spirit builds itself a house and beyond its house a world and beyond its world a heaven. Know then that the world exists for you. For you is the phenomenon perfect. What we are, that only can we see. All that Adam had, all that Caesar could, you have and can do. . . . Build therefore your own world. —*Nature*, "Prospects"

For men are wiser than they know. . . . —"Compensation"

II. *Growth Is Action*

God offers to every man his choice between truth and repose. Take which you please — you can never have both. —"Intellect"

Do the thing and you shall have the power; but they who do not do the thing have not the power. —"Compensation"

That which we persist in doing becomes easier to do; not that the nature of the thing has changed, but that our power to do has increased.

The one thing in the world of value is the active soul. —"American Scholar"

III. *Self-Reliance*

To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men — that is genius.

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string.

Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind.

Speak what you think now in hard words and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict every thing you said today.

IV. *Character*

We pass for what we are. Character teaches above our wills. . . . The force of character is cumulative. —"Self-Reliance"

Thinking is the function. Living is the functionary. The stream retreats to its source. —"American Scholar"

Whatever games are played with us, we must play no games with ourselves, but deal in our privacy with the last honesty and truth. I look upon the simple and childish virtues of veracity and honesty as the root of all that is sublime in character. Speak as you think, be what you are, pay your debts of all kinds. — "Illusions"

Thus Emerson opposed complacency, smugness, and the staid patterns which dominated the Unitarian Church and social patterns which dominated Boston and New England. In "The American Scholar," which Oliver Wendell Holmes called "Our Intellectual Declaration of Independence," he states that "The main enterprise of the world for splendor, for extent, is the upbuilding of a man."

Relying heavily on nature, freeing himself from "fear [which] always springs from ignorance," the scholar is to read "life [which] is our dictionary," and "not quit his belief that a popgun is a popgun, though the ancient and honorable of the earth affirm it to be the crack of doom." Having "listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe," now American scholars are to "embrace the common," to "explore and sit at the feet of the familiar, the low" that they may "know all . . . dare all."

In "Politics" he reminds us that instead of "reliance on the moral sentiment, and a sufficient belief in the unity of things," "men are selfish," and "government of force" results. The state should exist to educate the wise man and to ensure his higher rights "to be employed, to be trusted, to be loved, to be revered. . . . We think our civilization near its meridian, but we are yet only at the cock-crowing and the morning star."

Emerson was the living spirit of the idea of democracy, but he was far from accepting his Nation without expressing a qualifying awareness of her weaknesses. While most firmly he believed that:

Democracy, Freedom, has its root in the sacred truth that *every man hath in him the Divine Reason*. . . . This is the equality, and the only equality of all men,

he rebelled against accepting democracy in its present low state, in contrast to what it might be. In his Introduction to *The Conduct of Life* he wrote with fire:

Leave this hypocritical prating about the masses. Masses are rude, lame, unmade, pernicious in their demands and influences and need not to be flattered but to be schooled. I wish not to concede anything to them, but to tame, drill, divide and break them up, and draw individuals out of them. Masses! The calamity is the masses. I do not wish any masses at all, but honest men only, lovely, sweet, accomplished women only. . . . When [population] reaches its true law of action, every man that is born will be hailed as essential. Away with this hurrah of masses, and let us have the considerate vote of single men spoken on their honor and their conscience.

But though he was well aware of America's weaknesses, he knew and loved the undeveloped West even as he did his vigorous East. Of them he asked,

What should hinder that this New Atlantis should have its happy ports, its mountains of security, its gardens fit for human abode, where all elements are right for the health, power, and virtue of man?

Most important, for Emerson, America was always the Future:

> One cannot look on the freedom of this country in connection with its youth without a presentment that here shall laws and institutions exist in some proportion to the majesty of Nature. . . . It is a country of beginnings, of projects, of vast designs and expectations. It has no past: all has an onward and prospective look.—"The Young American"

Thus wrote Emerson to his age as to the destiny of his country. Perceptive, wise, entirely honest, fearless, and inspired by both his inward vision of Man as he should be and his passionate love of eloquence," he was to his country its delegated conscience and voice. Because he possessed these qualities so abundantly, his indispensability is as timeless as is his hope.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Though Emerson's personal life was filled with tragedy and suffering, his writing is vigorous and buoyant. In terms of his beliefs, how can you account for this apparent contradiction?
2. Do you feel Emerson's idealism to be unreal? too ideal? Of what use is the idealist today?
3. Discuss Emerson as a spokesman for American democracy: (a) then (b) now.

Social Science—Spiritual Living in the Nuclear Age

Lesson 12 — Values — Their Growth and Meaning

Elder Blaine M. Porter

For Tuesday, March 28, 1961

Objective: To increase our understanding of what values are, how they develop, and the meaning which they have in our lives.

Introduction

THAT proper living requires strength of character, all will admit, but mere strength does not suffice: strength alone can mean blind and reckless aggression. What we need is strength properly directed by adequate behavior and properly criticized values. Then only can we expect effective living.

There is ample evidence that the decisions which we make are based on the values which we possess. Furthermore, many of us recognize that as a result of living in this complex world, we are frequently faced with conflicting values. Therefore, the decision we make to take something which does not belong to us or not take it, to give of our time to support a worthy project or not, to assume our responsibilities in church and community activities, or shirk our responsibilities in preference for other endeavors depends upon our hierarchy [any things in graded order] of values.

Among individuals who do not develop any strong values, we are apt to find indifference and apathy toward life. We are apt to find the flighty individual, the one who plays at being someone else because he has no *self* to express, the extreme overconformer, the nagging dissenter.

Understanding values, then, is important both from the standpoint of making the most of our own lives as well as being adequately prepared to guide and direct others for whom we may be responsible. But what are *values?* Where do *values* come

from? How do *values* develop? What role do *values* play in our lives?

Values Defined

Values have long received the attention of thinking people and of more recent years the intense investigation of social scientists. Values represent a term or concept which is difficult to define to everyone's satisfaction. But let us accept the following statement as a working definition of value. Value is that which has priority in the life of a person, that which he prizes, which he deems to be significant, worthwhile, and important. A man's values identify what he considers to be good, what gives meaning and purpose to his life. A value is a directive factor in human behavior. Values are a combination of ideas and attitudes which give priority or preference to certain goals. These goals or values assume a place of high importance in the personality. When values are established, then action and behavior are set into a priority system which is determined by whether or not they lead toward the desired goal.

Values tend to control behavior as well as to motivate it. Values are, therefore, both positive and negative. Each personality holds certain goals as dear and others to be rigorously avoided.

How Values Develop

Our values do not come as a gift, and we cannot give our values to our children and other people. Values come through "value-ing"; they grow through prizing, cherishing, holding dear, and no one can do this for us.

The several stages of a child's development of values can be identified. Children up to seven or eight years of age tend to respond to problems of values by identifying with parents and family members and ascribing an almost blanket acceptance to the values they've learned first in the family. Following this there comes a brief period of two or three years which marks a progressive decline in applying values without question. By early adolescence, the youngster may reject the use of specific rules of conduct and begin to evolve and utilize more general principles which derive their support from the previous values learned as well as some new values which may confront him as a result of his contact with teachers, peers, [persons of the same standing] and heroes, movie stars, and famous personages. The degree of influence of the peer group and hero figures upon the child's values is almost directly dependent upon how strongly he has previously identified with his parents. If the parental values have been sufficiently internalized (see Lesson Four, *Relief Society Magazine*, November 1959, page 777), and if the child perceives of himself as a person who does the "right" thing most of the time, then other values which are directly opposed to these are more easily resisted. It is in this latter stage that the child really begins to see himself as a person with values of his own.

While the individual is forming concepts through life's experiences, he is also learning what value each of the objects and forces has for him through his impressions of how each of them affects him. This sense of value becomes a part of each concept and determines how the individual

feels about it. This tends to influence his behavior toward or with that thing.

In order properly to understand how values develop, it may be helpful to differentiate between values and value-ing. Values constitute something of or within the valuing transaction, not from within the object valued. We cannot say that a goal has value, rather a goal is a value. We put the value on it.

It is important to realize that values exist in a context and not in a void. We find it difficult, for example, to talk about *good* in general. It's more helpful and more precise to speak about a good man, a good deed, or a good family. We also find it advantageous to employ adjectives to modify the term *values*. We find it more meaningful to speak of cultural values, or human values, or ethical values, or middle-class values, etc. In each case we are identifying the context in which values appear. We ask, valuable to whom and for what? One type of behavior which may be highly valued in one setting may be scorned in another. For example, an individual possessing certain qualities of gentleness and tenderness working with emotionally disturbed children may be highly valued, while the same qualities in the business world or military service may not only be scorned and belittled, but may actually result in professional failure. In the latter case, aggression, toughness, and a callousness in regard to other people's feelings may be highly valued.

Values, then, come from "value-ing" and from reflection. They are reinforced to grow in intensity partially by the way in which we plan our lives. We plan the expenditure of our money in ways which favor certain values. We often choose to be among people who share our values. We seek reading and other activities which tend to support our values. This penetration of values into our lives is our way of continually testing them. Our values, therefore, are forever undergoing change which shared living and reflective thinking never cease to bring about.

Conflict of Values

The individual living in the complex world of today frequently finds that he is faced with conflicting values. All of us have undoubtedly been faced with the task of choosing between two things which we wanted, but which were not compatible or which were not both available to us. When faced with such a dilemma, our values of necessity must be placed in a hierarchical order, and it would be natural to assume that the value assigned the highest position would determine the course of behavior. For example, let us assume that a Mormon youth values keeping the Word of Wisdom, and also values the acceptance of his peer group. In a Mormon setting he would gain acceptance and recognition by his group through observing the Word of Wisdom. In this case, the two values would reinforce each other, and his course of action in observing the Word of Wisdom would help him achieve both goals. However, if this person were placed in another setting in which certain practices were valued by the group which were contrary to the Word of Wisdom, he would be faced with conflicting values. He would then be forced to choose between engag-

ing in the kind of behavior which would gain him acceptance with the group and break the Word of Wisdom, or observe the Word of Wisdom and lose the acceptance of his group. In this case, the course of action will be determined by which value is ranked highest.

Internalized Values

The discussion of conflicting values suggests that values vary in quality and intensity. If values are to serve their most effective purpose, it is important that the values which will contribute to the personal growth and development of an individual be most deeply internalized. Otherwise, it may be easy for many an individual to be swayed with the fads and fashions of the time whether these deal with wearing apparel or political and religious philosophies.

Values at first are imitated as children identify with adults whom they admire. As the child grows in age, values should gradually become integrated into the personality. But only as they are carefully examined, reflected upon, and tried out will they truly become a part of the individual. As was discussed in Lesson Four of last year's lessons concerning the individual and religious maturity, to *internalize* means to make a part of oneself. Only as one internalizes standards and values does he effectively live by them. If values remain in adulthood still imitative, borrowed, and verbalized, but only superficially subscribed to, the individual has not truly integrated and internalized them. This matter, therefore, should be of major concern to each individual in looking at his own values and in his responsibility of trying to grow values in his children.

The methods we use to try to help children internalize values should be carefully scrutinized. We sometimes set up creeds and dogmas which the child can question only at the price of a parentally imposed load of guilt and fear. Moral instruction alone never was and never can be a substitute for the true religion of a faith based on one's own experience. The inevitable result is pretended values unsupported by that background of honestly appraised experience which is a prerequisite for real values.

Developing Value for Oneself

It is important that an individual become a living participant in achieving a feeling of his own worth. Unless the child is able to accept himself, he is not able truly to accept others, and it makes it difficult to integrate desirable values. The child must be convinced that he is a good person — he must like himself. The one and only person he must live with all the rest of his days is himself, and learning to understand, respect, and accept others is dependent upon one's own self-understanding, self-acceptance, and self-respect.

The growing child's ability to accept himself and develop value for himself is influenced by the way he is accepted by others. If others like him as a child, accept him, approve of him, give him the right to try himself out and the freedom to make mistakes, it will be easier for him to acquire similar attitudes toward himself. It is hard for the growing child, on the other hand, to view himself with approval if others reject him, punish him un-

justly, imply that he is inferior to others, interfere with his endeavors to try himself out, deride him, take no notice of him, ignore him as though he did not count, or tell him he is mostly bad. A child once wrote about himself, "I'm no good; I'm stupid; I can't do anything right; things are always happening to me." Adults who lived and worked with this young boy appeared to have mislaid the basic value of respect for his human personality.

Parents lay the foundation, and the child and youth in the atmosphere of the family become, as the years roll on, the builders of the emerging self. The parents with an abiding sense of their own values do not need to immortalize themselves in their children. They can give to the child their love and direction and feel the rewards in the child's growing sense of independence as he becomes an individual in his own right with the self-confidence and self-respect which is essential in order to internalize the values which will contribute to the individual's personal growth and development.

While the attitudes others show toward a person are especially important in the early stages in the development of the self, all people at all stages of life are responsive to the approval or disapproval of others. Developing and maintaining value for oneself, then, is a continuous and lifelong endeavor.

Summary

Developing and growing values both for ourselves and for our children present one of our greatest responsibilities. Values have simple beginnings in childhood as the child imitates his parents. If the maturing process continues in a healthy manner, the development of values becomes increasingly complex so that the individual is influenced by the cultural values around him, the values of his peer group, and his own reflective thinking.

Careful analysis of one's values appears to contribute to developing higher quality, more complete integration, and more effective internalization of values. Parents, therefore, should keep this fact constantly in mind so that as they proceed with their task of child-rearing, they do not try to "pass on" their own values to the child as they would bequeath him their estate, but rather attempt to provide the experiences through which these values may grow and develop.

Values are never completely grown and the process finished. The active, alert person is constantly exploring, modifying, and enlarging his values as he encounters new ideas, goes through new experiences, meets new people. If he confines himself to value-ing the past or simply to perpetuate the present, thereby reinforcing the *status quo*, his life becomes static and dying. "The past," as Prime Minister Harold MacMillan has said, "must be a springboard and not a sofa." We need to grow values not only in relation to what man has been and is, but what he can be and is capable of becoming that is highest and best.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. What are evidences of the growth of values in children? Youth? Adults?
2. Give additional illustrations of conflicting values.
3. What kinds of experiences will help internalize values?
4. Why is value of oneself so important?

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Thankfulness

Christie Lund Coles

I thank thee, Lord, for all the good
The year has brought to me and mine.
I thank thee for the wealth of joy
That traced the human with divine.

I thank thee for the moments when
Our triumphs were richer than defeat;
The roads we walked with surety,
With steady and unfaltering feet.

And yet, I thank thee, too, O Lord,
For hours when the road was dark;
When gloom engulfed our path, and hop
Succumbed to fear, enormous, stark;

When sorrow gnawed its aching way
Into our being, and we fought
To maintain soul tranquility.
With such as these new strength was bought,

Assuring us that night would rise
To morning and its splendor, bright;
That every dark, prophetic cloud
Wears its antithesis of light.

I thank thee, Lord, for all thy good,
And all is good at long, long last.
Be mindful of us in this year,
As in the year so newly passed.

December Road

Katherine F. Larsen

A long road calls me
When the white drifts fill
The narrow lane, and winter-heavy
Gray skies spill
Snowflakes in profusion,
Shrouding fences, trees, until
No road can be seen
Where ran the once-known road. . . .

A long road calls me,
Winter-muffled, white and still. . . .

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White Decree

Ida Elaine James

The snow is falling
In swirling script,
Like a slow message
From heaven, white-lipped,
Upon the earth's tablet;
White upon white
Piled high and higher
In words of light.
Who takes the snow's sweetness
Upon face and eye
Senses soft muted words
That satisfy
Heart's longing as if wings
Had brushed by.
White upon the earth's breast
Are spread life's decrees;
Springtime and summer,
Autum's fires cease,
Healed by the cool flame
Of winter's peace.

Wealth

Diane Montgomery

Echoes of memories
Through the halls of life are ringing,
My memories of Mother's work:
Her life, her joy, her singing.

Love's end in service here is sown,
Simple, sweet, and giving,
A strength in wisdom that has known
The worth of pleasant living.

Always shall this lesson true
Unfold at wisdom's door:
She gleaned from work life's satisfaction...
"Never idle, never poor."

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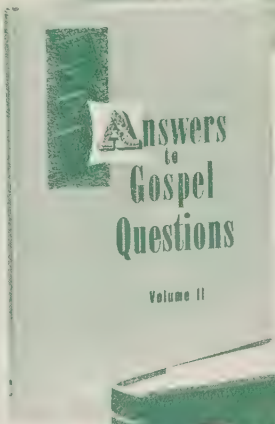

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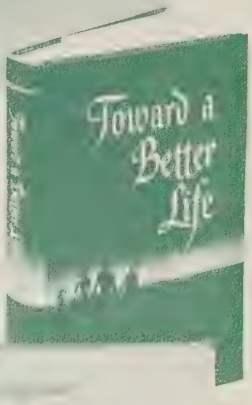

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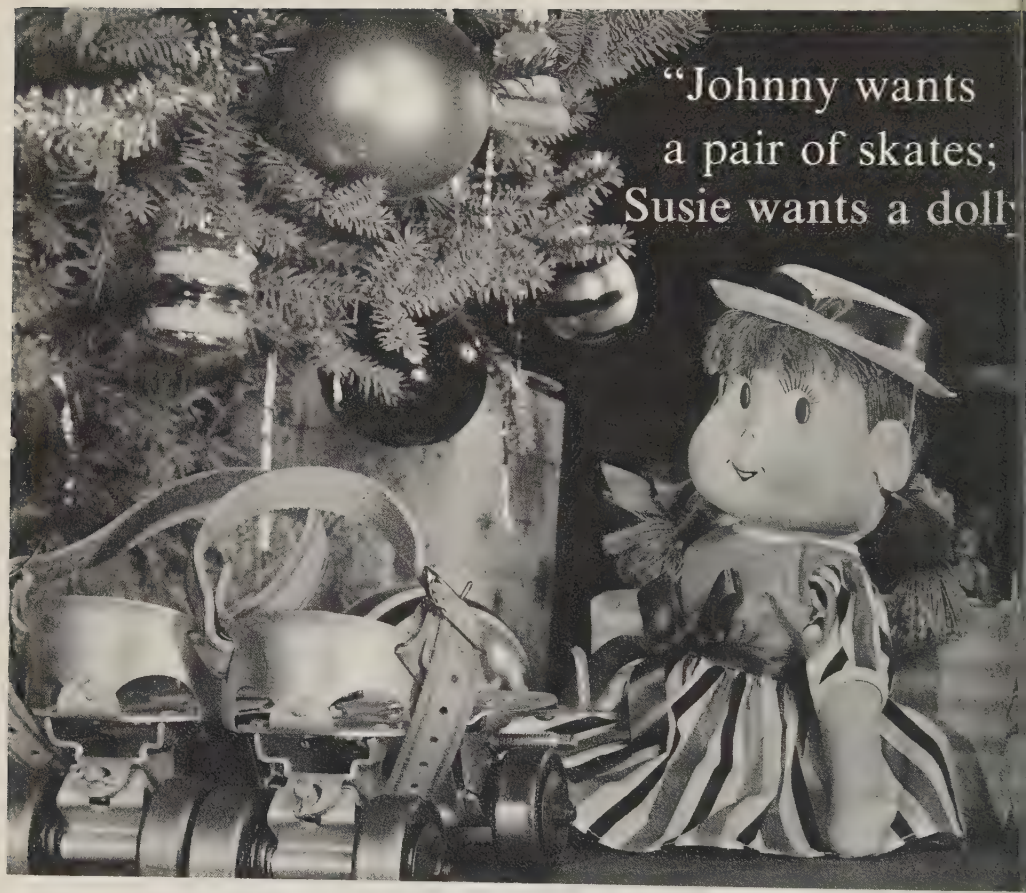

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